

SUMMER ISSUE

10¢

THE HUMAN TORCH

NO.
8

BATTLING
THE
SUB-
MARINER



MARVEL

COMICS

THRILLS!



**HUMAN TORCH
SUB-MARINER
ANGEL**



**TERRY VANCE
JIMMY JUPITER
PATRIOT
VISION**



Every month

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HUMAN TORCH

vs. **SUB-MARINER**

THE MOST FANTASTIC PLOT IN THE HISTORY OF MODERN WARFARE PLUNGES THE **HUMAN TORCH** AND **SUB-MARINER** INTO AN EPIC STRUGGLE AGAINST EACH OTHER ... WHILE SCHICKELGRUBER SNEERS AND THE **PYTHON** HISSES!

IN ALCATRAZ PRISON, THE WEST COAST'S FAMOUS "ROCK," A GUARD MAKES HIS ROUNDS...

WHAT TH---? NOISES FROM BELOW! I'LL REPORT THIS TO THE WARDEN -- PRONTO!

TAP...TAP!

MAYBE AN ESCAPE!

ESCAPEY HA-HA! ALCATRAZ ISLAND IS ALL SOLID ROCK! ESCAPE IS IMPOSSIBLE!

I DON'T LIKE IT! THE PYTHON IS IN A CELL RIGHT NEAR THOSE NOISES! I'M GONNA WIRE THE TORCH RIGHT AWAY!

AN HOUR LATER, IN NEW YORK POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

LISTEN TO THIS -- "STRANGE NOISES IN ALCATRAZ -- FEAR ESCAPE -- COME QUICK" -- SIGNED McTAVISH...

SPLUTTERIN' SPARKS -- TORCH! MAYBE MCTAVISH IS HEARIN' THINGS!

I KNOW ALCATRAZ IS SOLID ROCK, TORO, BUT WITH CROOKS LIKE THE PYTHON -- AND OTHERS IN THERE, WE CAN'T TAKE CHANCES. WE'RE GOING WEST!

LIKE TWO FIERY METEORS, TORCH AND TORO WING THEIR WAY ACROSS THE CONTINENT...

AT THIS RATE WE'LL BE IN SAN FRANCISCO IN LESS THAN AN HOUR!

WHEE! I FEEL LIKE A HOT WHIRLWIND!

MEANWHILE, A FAMILIAR FIGURE STREAKS DOWN PACIFIC WATERS! IT'S THE FAMOUS SUB-MARINER!

SHUFFLING SHARKS! I FEEL FUNNY VIBRATIONS IN THESE WATERS! WHAT IN DANIEL JONES' LOCKER CAN THEY BE?

WITH THE SPEED OF A TORPEDO, HE SKIMMED INTO SAN FRANCISCO BAY...

THAT NOISE IS COMING FROM SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE... CAN IT BE FROM ALCATRAZ?





WITHOUT KNOWING WHAT HAS ALREADY TAKEN PLACE ABOVE, **SUB-MARINER** KEEPS ON HIS OWN INVESTIGATION AND HIS MIGHTY MUSCLES REMOVE A HUGE ROCK!



WHEW! NOW I'LL SEE WHAT! A NAZI SUBMARINE!



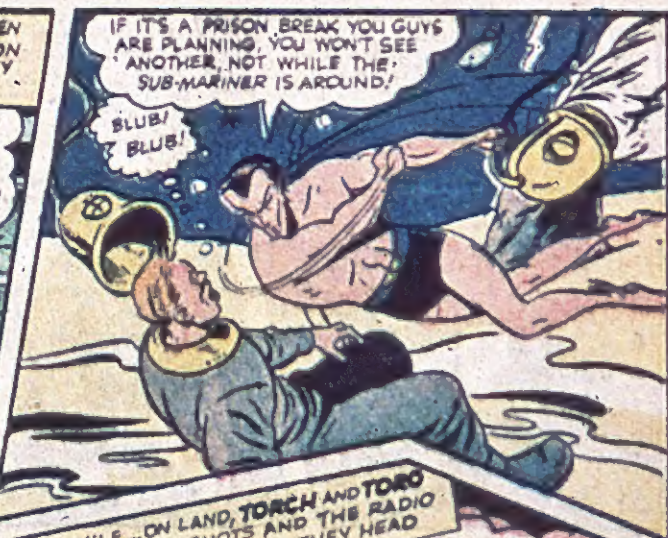
FLYING FLUKE! ... THE TOP HATCH IS ATTACHED TO ALCATRAZ ROCK! ... I'LL GET INTO THE SUB THIS WAY!



...AND DOWN THEY SWOOP--TO ATTACK!

GETTING WARM, ISN'T IT?

AAAAA!



IF IT'S A PRISON BREAK YOU GUYS ARE PLANNING, YOU WON'T SEE ANOTHER, NOT WHILE THE SUB-MARINER IS AROUND!

BLUB! BLUB!



MEANWHILE ... ON LAND, **TORCH** AND **TORO** HAVE HEARD THE SHOTS AND THE RADIO REPORT OF THE BREAK! ... THEY HEAD FOR THE FAMOUS PRISON!

HE WAS RIGHT, **TORO**! IT'S A BREAK! HURRY!

YOU MEAN IT'S A BREAK FOR US!

DER HUMAN TORCH!

HOW DID HE KNOW?

ULP!



THAT'S USING YOUR HEADS-- LICE!

OW!

OOP!



THE SINISTER **PYTHON**, DISGUISED IN THE WARDEN'S CLOTHES, DASHES OUT INTO THE YARD.

THE HUMAN TORCH, SHT... WE'RE CAUGHT! THE ONLY WAY OUT NOW IS BY THE NAZI SUB!--BEFORE HE SEES ME!



ON MY WAY!
I'LL KEEP THE
BULLETS
FLYING!

GOOD WORK,
PYTHON! DER
SUBMARINE
IS RIGHT UNDER
YOUR CELL!

PYTHON!
PL----!

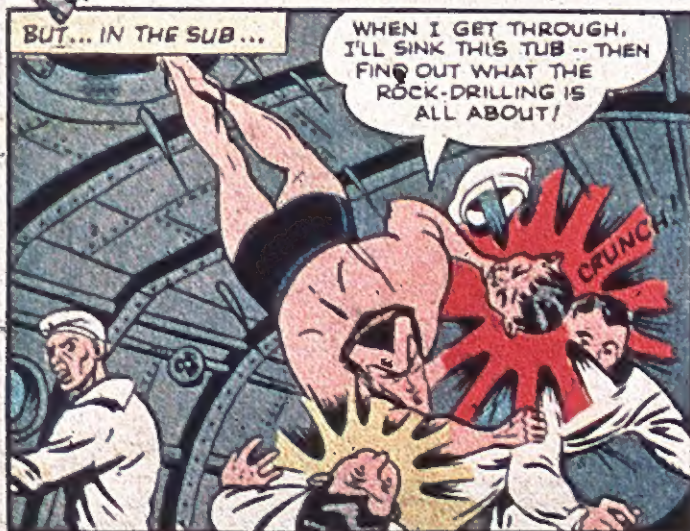


CELL? THE
PYTHON HAS
NO CELL! THE
PYTHON IS
FREE!
UNDERSTAND?

YA!
UGH!



I'LL JUMP DOWN
THIS HOLE THEY
DRILLED AND GET
INTO THAT
SUB!



BUT... IN THE SUB...

WHEN I GET THROUGH,
I'LL SINK THIS TUB -- THEN
FIND OUT WHAT THE
ROCK-DRILLING IS
ALL ABOUT!

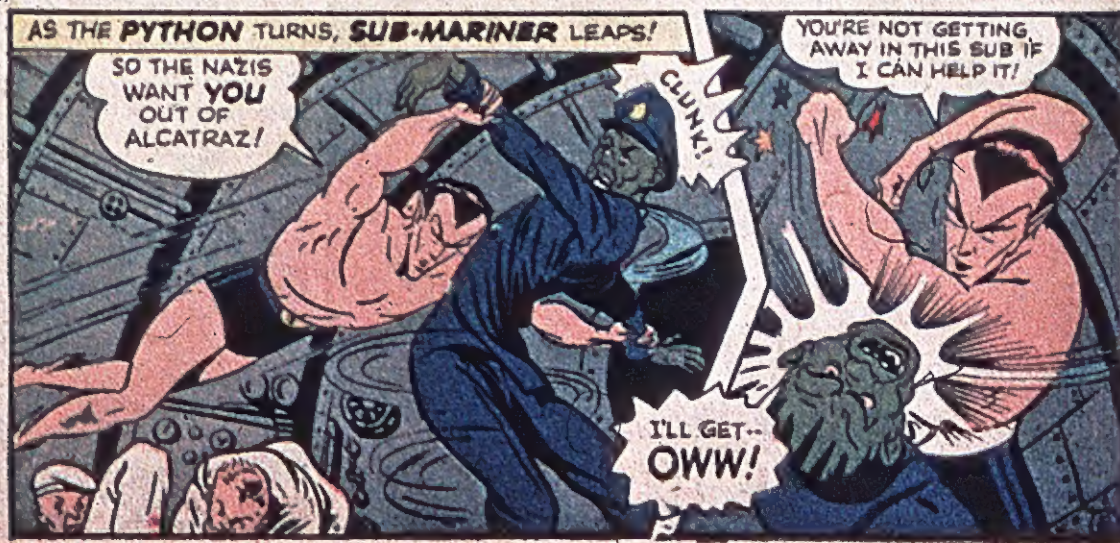
CRUNCH!



THE PYTHON RUSHES IN...

WHAT! --
THE SUB-
MARINER!

THE
PYTHON!



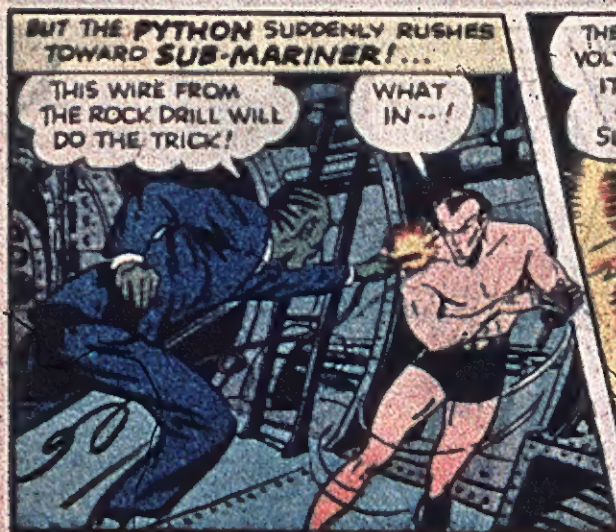
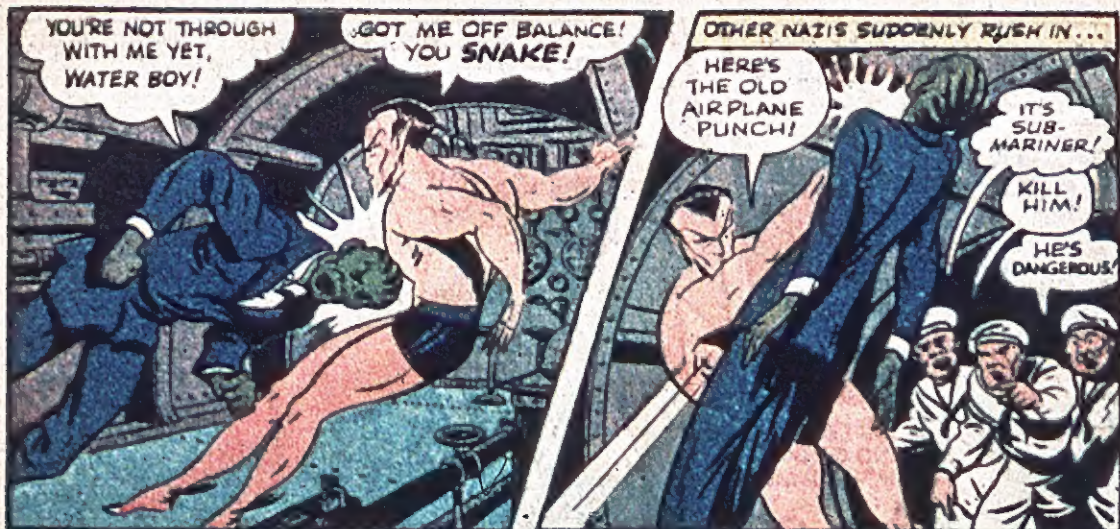
AS THE PYTHON TURNS, SUB-MARINER LEAPS!

SO THE NAZIS
WANT YOU
OUT OF
ALCATRAZ!

CLUNK!

YOU'RE NOT GETTING
AWAY IN THIS SUB IF
I CAN HELP IT!

I'LL GET --
OWW!





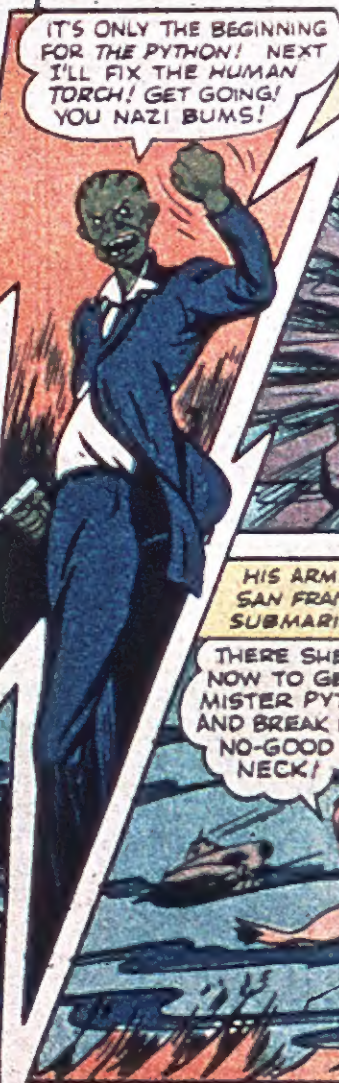
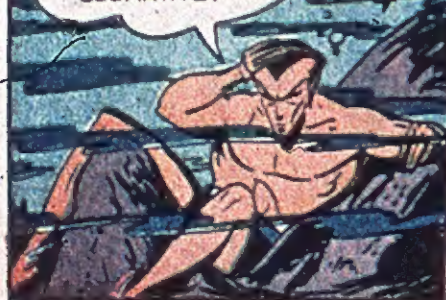
THROW HIM INTO
THE WATER WITH
THE OTHER
DEAD FISH!

YA, HERR
PYTHON!
HITLER VILL
REWARD YOU
FOR DISS!

DOTS DER
END OF DER
SUB-MARINER!

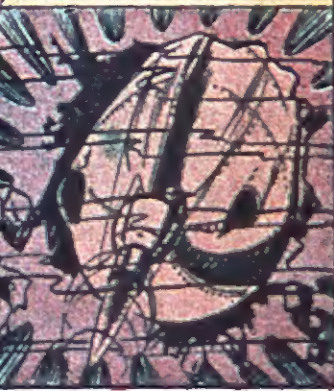
... BUT, LITTLE DO THE NAZIS
REALIZE THE REACTION THAT
THE WATER HAS HAD UPON
THE **SUB-MARINER** ...

COCK-EYED CLAMS!
MY HEAD'S ON A
MERRY-GO-ROUND!
-- NOW! -- IT'S
CLEARING! --



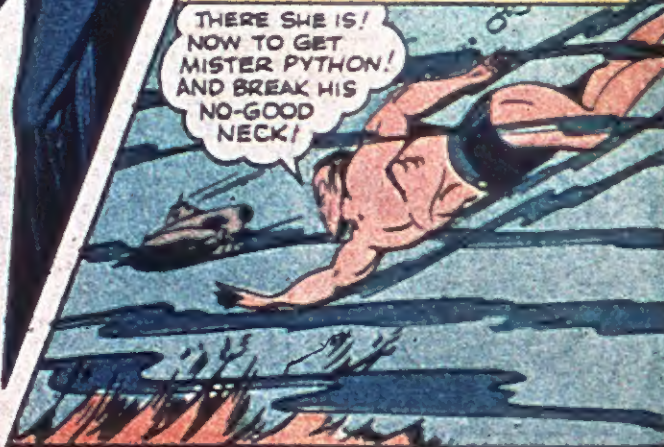
IT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING
FOR THE PYTHON! NEXT
I'LL FIX THE HUMAN
TORCH! GET GOING!
YOU NAZI BUMS!

LEAVING **SUB-MARINER**
FOR DEAD, THE NAZI SUB
SWIFTLY RUSHES THROUGH
THE FALSE ROCK AND
HEADS FOR THE OPEN
WATER ----

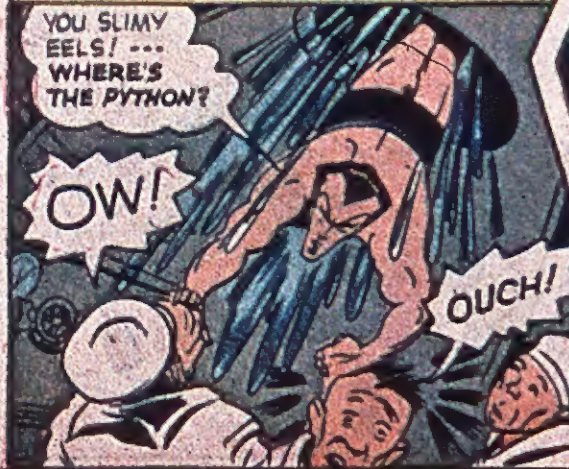


HIS ARMS CHURN THE WATERS OF
SAN FRANCISCO BAY AFTER THE
SUBMARINE -- UNTIL --

THERE SHE IS!
NOW TO GET
MISTER PYTHON!
AND BREAK HIS
NO-GOOD
NECK!



HE OPENS THE HATCH AND CRASHES IN ON
THE ASTONISHED NAZI CREW ...



YOU SLIMY
EELS! ...
WHERE'S
THE PYTHON?

OW!

OUCH!

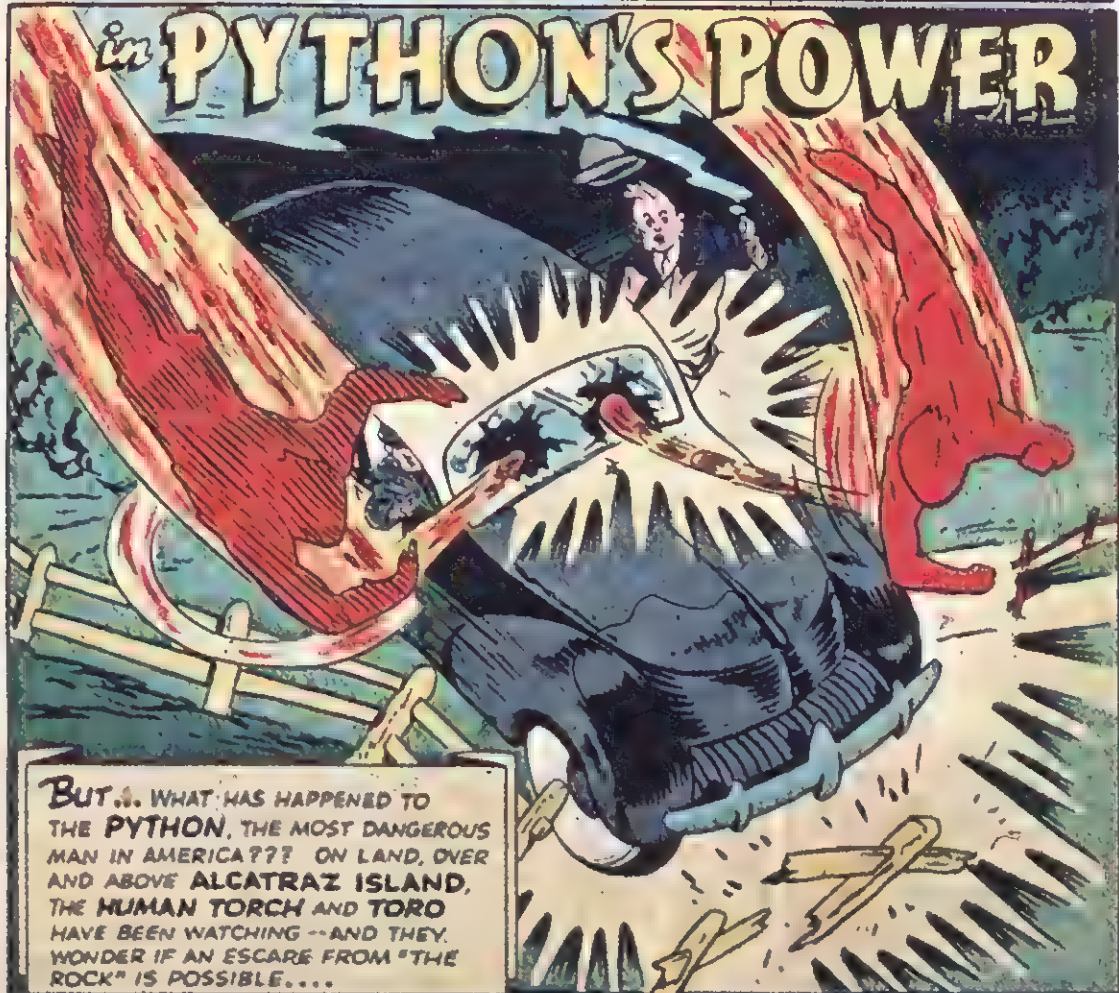
... A FEW MINUTES LATER ...

I'VE LOOKED
EVERYWHERE,
BUT I CAN'T
FIND THE
PYTHON!
--LET ME
THINK!



OH-OH!
I JUST
REMEMBERED
I HAVE A
CALL TO
MAKE ON
**MR.
TORCH!**

in PYTHON'S POWER



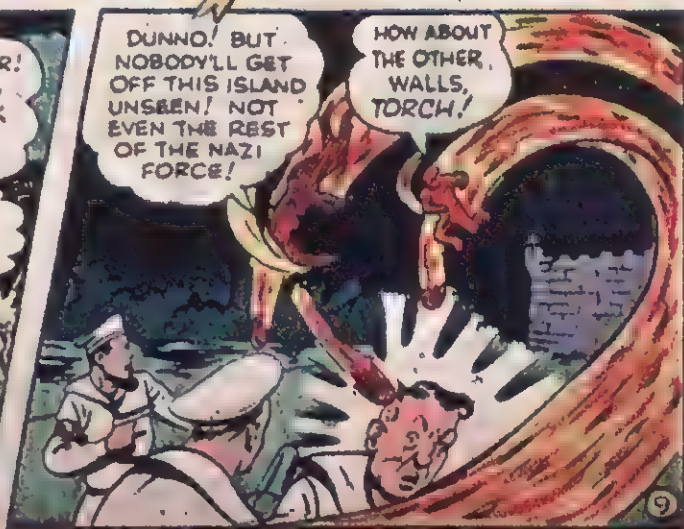
BUT... WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE PYTHON, THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN IN AMERICA??? ON LAND, OVER AND ABOVE ALCATRAZ ISLAND, THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO HAVE BEEN WATCHING --AND THEY WONDER IF AN ESCAPE FROM "THE ROCK" IS POSSIBLE....



I HAVEN'T SEEN ANY PRISONER GET OUT, TORO!

ME, NEITHER! WHAT'S THIS NAZI ATTACK ABOUT, ANYWAY?

?



DUNNO! BUT NOBODY'LL GET OFF THIS ISLAND UNSEEN! NOT EVEN THE REST OF THE NAZI FORCE!

HOW ABOUT THE OTHER WALLS, TORCH!

AFTER HIS BATTLE WITH SUB-MARINER IN THE U-BOAT, THE **PYTHON** EMERGES TO TACKLE THE **HUMAN TORCH**!

"WELL, I BROKE THAT SUB-MARINER'S NECK! WHEN THE TORCH GETS IN MY WAY, I'LL KILL HIM, TOO! SAY, THOSE NAZIS THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING -- EVEN A PARACHUTE FOR ESCAPE!"

INTENT ON ESCAPE, THE **PYTHON** RACES ACROSS THE ISLAND'S EDGE TO MEET MORE HIDDEN NAZIS, ACCORDING TO PLAN ...

LOOK!
IT'S THE
PYTHON!

THE NAZIS ARE
TRYING TO COVER
HIS ESCAPE!
WOW!

WE'LL
HOLD OFF
DER
TORCH!

QUICK!
PYTHON!



I'M GOING AFTER HIM, **TORO**! YOU TAKE CARE OF THE SWASTIKA-BENDER!

IT'S A PLEASURE!

SO THE WHOLE ESCAPE WAS PLANNED TO GET YOU OUT, **PYTHON**!

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW WHY!

COME AND GET ME, **TORCH**!

I'M COMING! I'LL SET THE PARACHUTE AFLAME IN A SECOND!

JUST THEN THE **PYTHON** PULLS THE PARACHUTE CORD -- AND ----

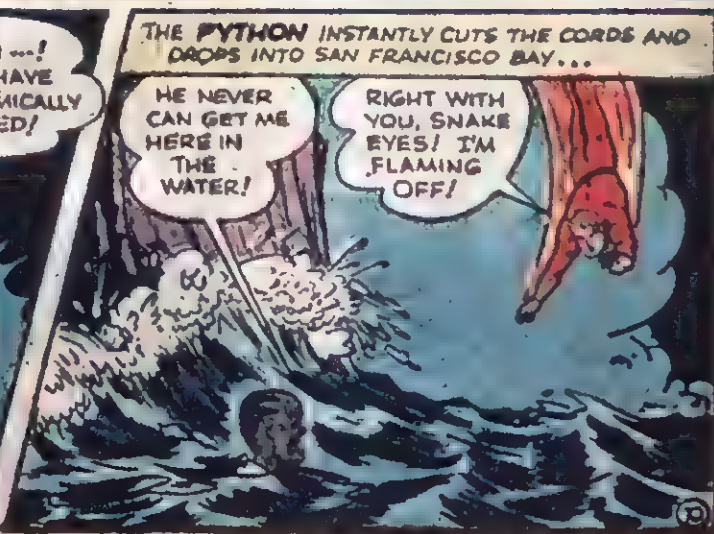
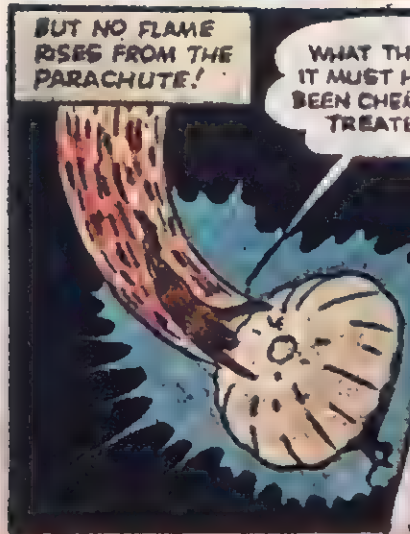
BUT NO FLAME RISES FROM THE PARACHUTE!

WHAT TH ---! IT MUST HAVE BEEN CHEMICALLY TREATED!

THE **PYTHON** INSTANTLY CUTS THE CORDS AND DROPS INTO SAN FRANCISCO BAY ...

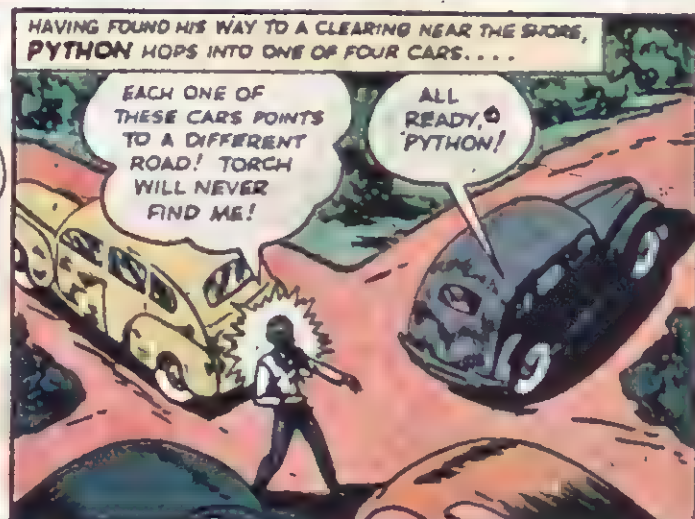
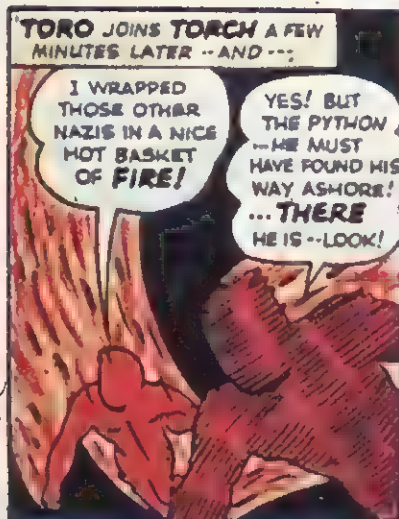
HE NEVER CAN GET ME HERE IN THE WATER!

RIGHT WITH YOU, SNAKE EYES! I'M FLAMING OFF!

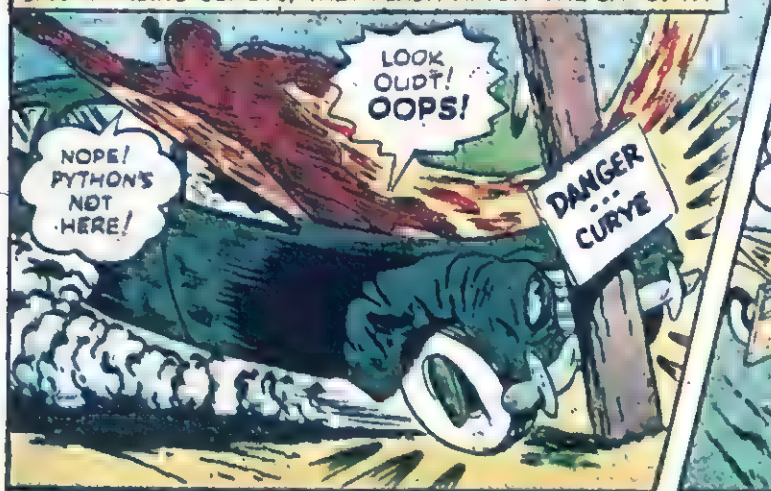




THOUGH TORCH IS AT A DISADVANTAGE IN A WATER FIGHT, HE STICKS IT OUT!



LIKE WHIRLING COMETS, THEY FLASH AFTER THE CARS! ...



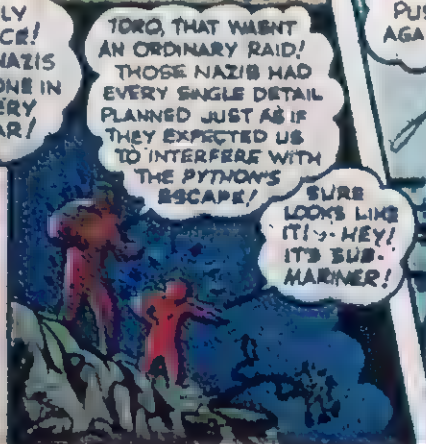
WHILE TORO IS ON HIS TEAR,
TORCH CATCHES UP WITH A
LAST CAR...
SUDDENLY!



THE PYTHON SPURTS SAND
AT THE HUMAN TORCH!



TORO JOINS TORCH
BUT PYTHON HAS
DISAPPEARED!



ANGRILY, SUB-MARINER ADVANCES UPON TORCH, NOT AWARE OF TORCH'S DIFFICULTIES.

WHAT WAS THE BIG IDEA OF SHOIVING ME INTO THE WATER, MULE FACE!

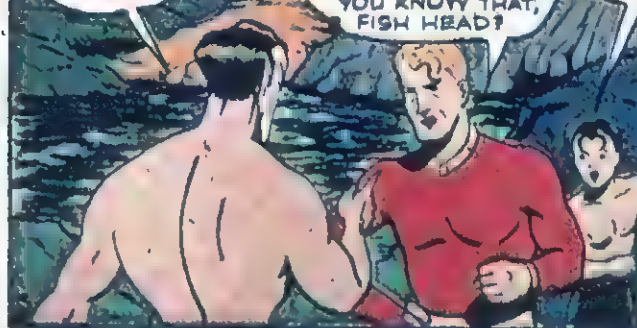
TAKE IT EASY NAMOR! THE PYTHON ESCAPED WITH NAZI HELP, RIGHT UNDER YOUR NOSE! DID YOU KNOW THAT, FISH HEAD?

YEAH! AND WE TRIED TO STOP HIM, TOO!

OH, YOU DID. DID YOU? WELL, HE DIDN'T GET AWAY FROM ME! I DESTROYED THE NAZI ESCAPE-SUB WHILE YOU FELLOWS WERE LOAFING ON LAND!

YOU MEAN--?

HE'S JEALOUS, TORCH, BECAUSE HE THINKS HE COULD HAVE STOPPED THE PYTHON!



YOU SLITHERING WATER LIZARD! I OUGHT TO PUSH YOUR FACE IN FOR SAYING THAT!

CUT IT OUT, YOU MUGS!

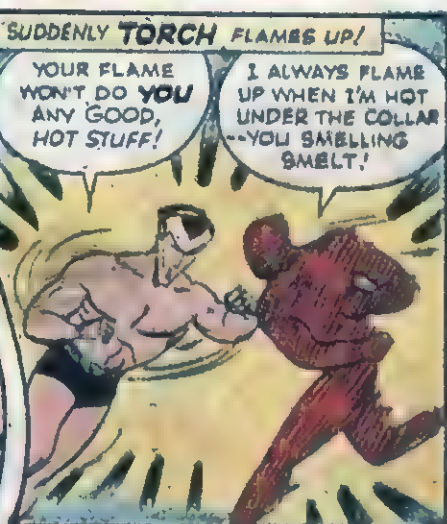
STEP ASIDE, KID! LOOKS LIKE THE TORCH WANTS A SOCK IN THE JAW!



SUDDENLY TORCH FLAMES UP!

YOUR FLAME WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD, HOT STUFF!

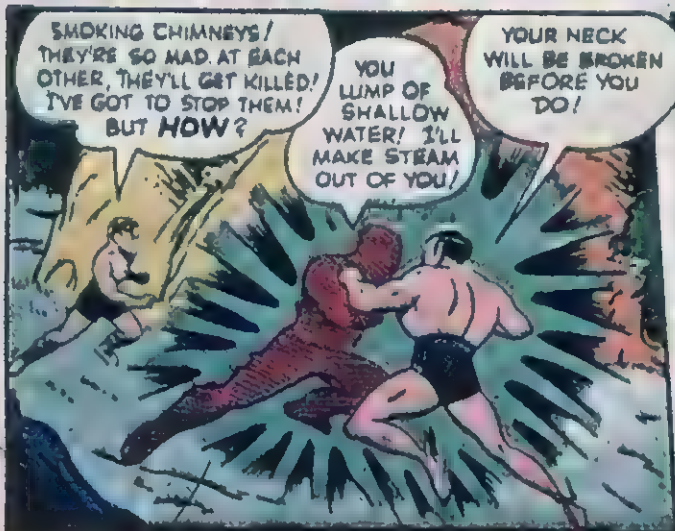
I ALWAYS FLAME UP WHEN I'M HOT UNDER THE COLLAR -- YOU SMELLING SMELT!



SMOKING CHIMNEYS! THEY'RE SO MAD AT EACH OTHER, THEY'LL GET KILLED! I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM! BUT HOW?

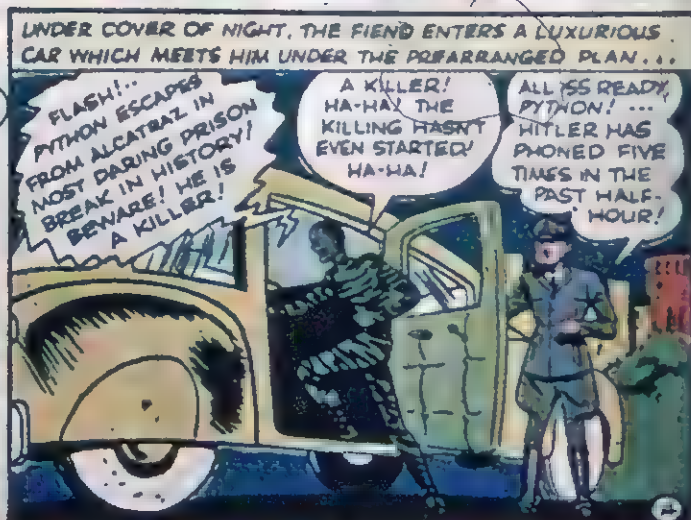
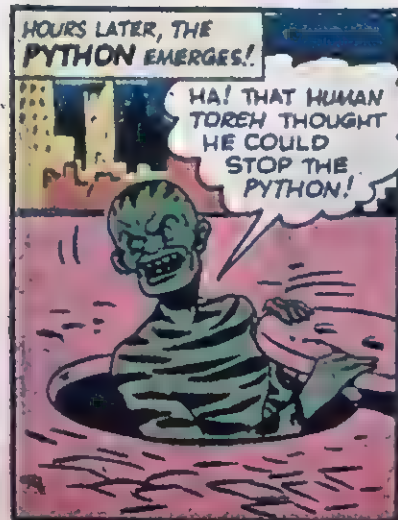
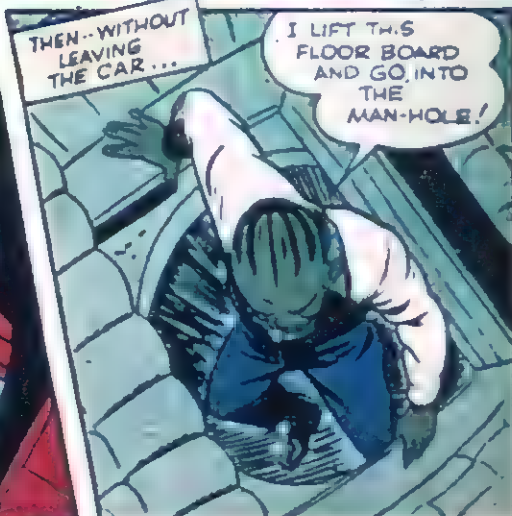
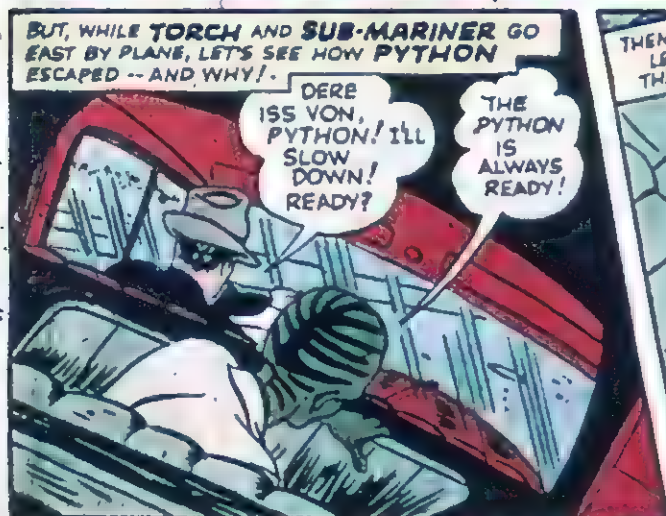
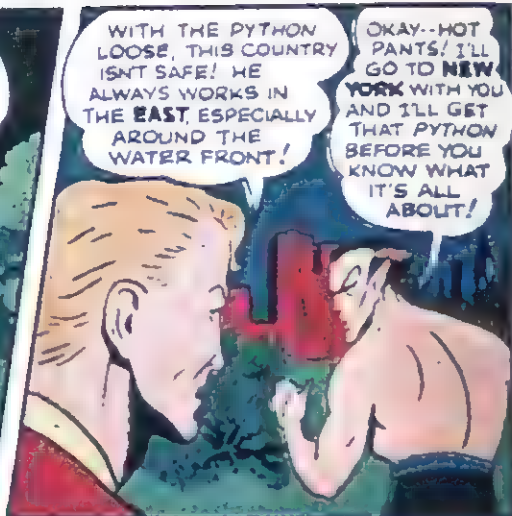
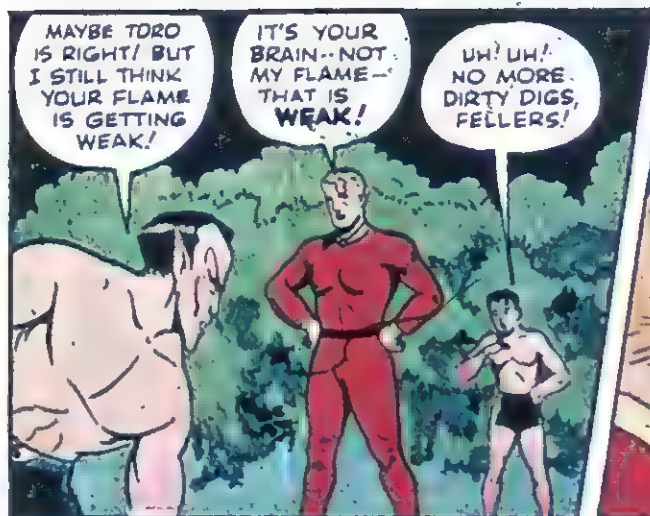
YOU LUMP OF SHALLOW WATER! I'LL MAKE STEAM OUT OF YOU!

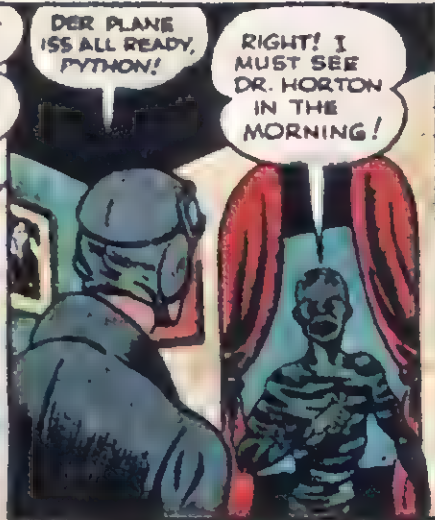
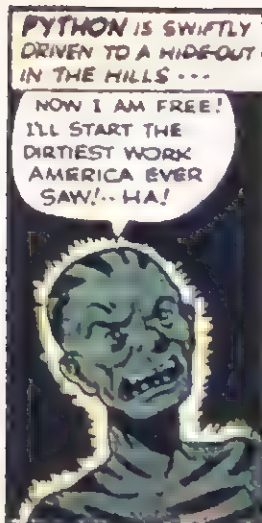
YOUR NECK WILL BE BROKEN BEFORE YOU DO!



YOU TWO BIG LUGS OUGHTA BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELVES! SPIES ARE ALL AROUND, THREATENING OUR COUNTRY! THE PYTHON IS ON THE LOOSE! DEMOCRACY IS IN DANGER -- AND YOU FIGHT EACH OTHER INSTEAD OF FIGHTING THE COMMON ENEMY!









THE MEN

IT WAS SUMMER 1942.

DER FEUHRER was in one of his white hot moods! Tears flowed from his eyes like droplets of juice squeezed from a lemon. The beautiful objects of art stolen from the conquered peoples of Europe shook and shimmied throughout the halls of Berchtesgarden as Hitler's falsetto shrieks pierced the air in sharp daggers of repeated sound!



Yes, Adolf Hitler was crying, screaming—thumping a table with sheer despair!

"Twenty-Vive more of our best spies killed! Last week ve lost tree dousand men und four battleships!" he sobbed, throwing the latest communique from the Nazi High Command on the table.

He inhaled a deep breath of the hushed air in the room, withdrew a silk, perfumed handkerchief, and violently blew his stubby nose. There was no other sound. The men seated around the council table—Goebbels, Goering, Von Ribbentrop—hardly breathed, certainly said not a word. A chill tingled the spine of each as they heard Der Fuehrer suddenly shout: "Vhy? VHY?? . . . It's because of Der Human Torch und der SUB-MARINER!"

"DESE TWO ARE DIFFERENT from all odders! Ve cannot plan any invasion of America vith dese two around! Ve must get rid of them! Ja!" The man whom some call "Schicklegruber" dabbed at his wet eyes! "Der Human Torch und Sub-Mariner hev done more damage to der Nazi movement dann all der underground movements in Europe!" he snorted, shimmying both sides of his black moustache as he spoke. "Zoon dere vill be no Nazis left in America to do der Fifth Column vork for us! Our invasion vill fail! Ve vill all hev ropes around our necks if dot happens! Ja!"

Der Fuehrer twirled a clenched fist—and narrowly missed hitting himself on the jaw as he swiftly shot his index finger forth and pointed to Goering!

"You—Goering! You're smart SOMETIMES! How ken ve get rid of der Human Torch und Sub-Mariner??? Answer quick!"

Paunchy Goering thought faster than he had ever thought before. He knew that a slow reply would mean a fast purge! He scraped a chair backwards with his nervous fingers, then ventured: "Adolf! Vot a man haas vonce made he can make again! Diss scientist, Dr. Horton, made der Human Torch!"

Goebbels leaned forward, thin hands grasping the arms of his chair. "Ja, Adolf! Ve vill hev der Gestapo agents in America seize Dr. Horton—und make him trick der Human Torch into destruction!"



HITLER FEARS

BEADY EYED VON RIBBENTROP watched Hitler's reaction. In a tone as quiet and deadly as a boa constrictor's, he asked: "I thought dot Dr. Horton vass dead!"

"No," hissed Hitler, pulling at his upper lip, "our Gestapo men in America hev found dot he's alive und is really conducting special experiments for der United States' government!"

"Goot! Goot!" Dirty work was afoot and the old gleam came back into Goering's eyes. "Ve'll get hold of Horton und find out der secret of der machine dot made der Human Torch!"



Hitler smiled for the first time. "Ja. Dot is an idea, Goering! First ve'll get rid of der Human Torch—or make him work mit us! Den ve vill haf only der Sub-Mariner left! Ja!"

Der Fuehrer turned on his heel and took three long strides over to his private bookshelf. His effeminate fingers quickly removed all volumes of Marvel comics, and he carried them to the table. "Ve must hev der VORST, ROTTENEST, MEANEST, SLIMIEST KILLER in America to get Human Torch und Sub-Mariner out of the vay vor us! He must truly be a man worthy of any vone of us!"

"Ja-ja," chorused Goering, Goebbels and Von Ribbentrop!

The pages were swiftly scanned by four pairs of treacherous eyes. Suddenly four fingers pointed forth into one of the books, and four hoarse voices called out: "The Python! The PYTHON! Dot is surely der man for us!"

"THE PYTHON," said Hitler, "is positively der vorst villain in history! He iss just der man to do der job! He iss now in Alcatraz prison! Ve must set him free—if ve need a whole army und navy to do it!"

Goering jumped out of his seat! He gave the Nazi salute to no one in particular, then screamed: "Und vonce der Python iss out of Alcatraz—he vill get der Hëman Torch und Sub-Mariner out of der vay IN ORDER VOR US TO INVADE AMERICA! Heil Hitler!"

DER FEUHRER SAT on the edge of the table and looked at Goering. "You, Goering, vill plan der escape. Attack by land und sea. If you fail—you know vot vill happen to you! If you are successful—I vill gif you, Goebbels und Von Ribbentrop der vone hundred und sixty-second story of der Empire State Building ven ve capture New York—soon!"

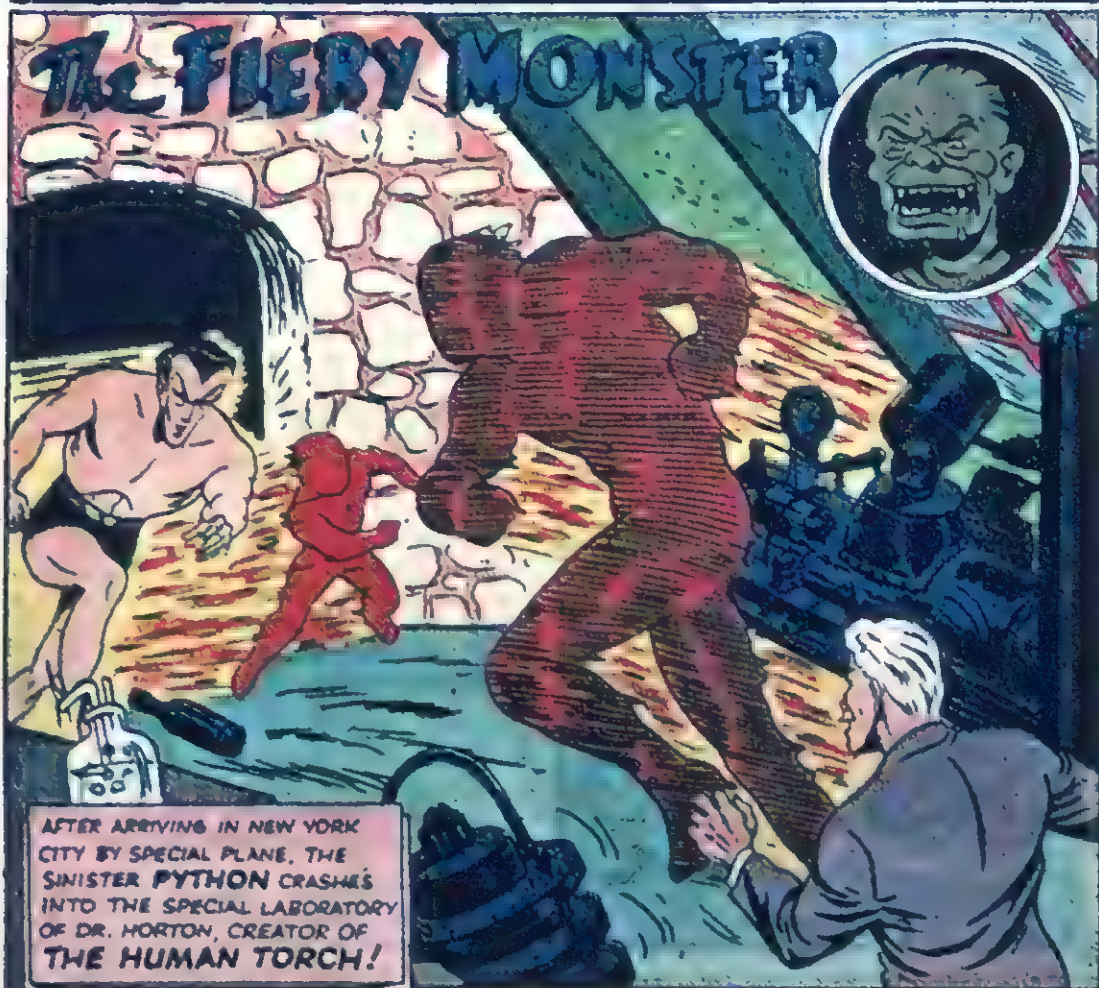
The three high Nazis leaped up and hailed their leader. "Ah, dot iss a vonderful present! Ve vill do our super-best! Ja! Der hundred und sixty-second story of der Empire State Building!" They turned and goose-stepped out of the room.

HITLER WATCHED AFTER THEM for a brief minute, then walked into his bedroom, picked up some ersatz cologne and, as he sprayed the delicate fragrance over his coat lapels and under his arms, muttered: "Ha! If those dopes only knew that the Empire State Building does NOT have any vone hundred und sixty-second story!"

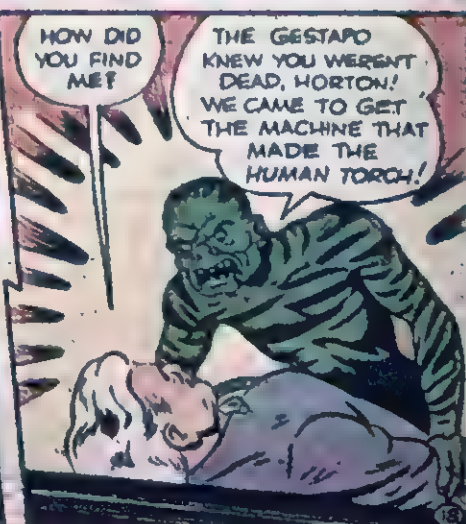


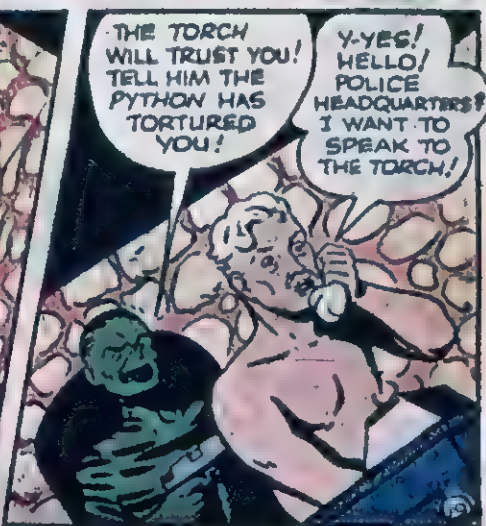
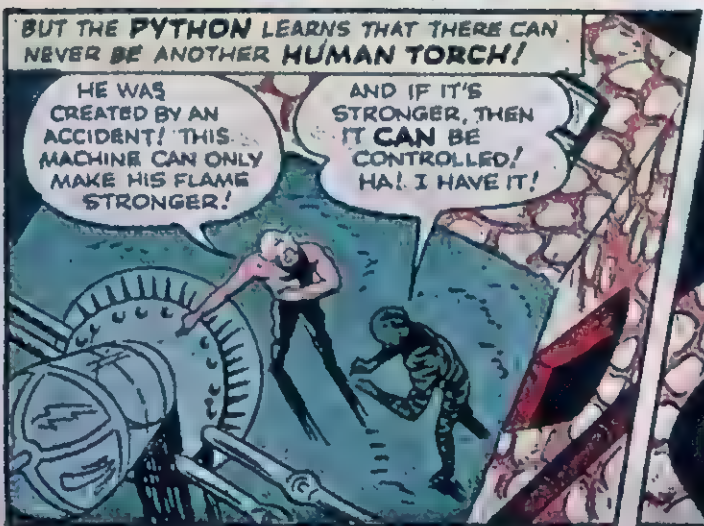
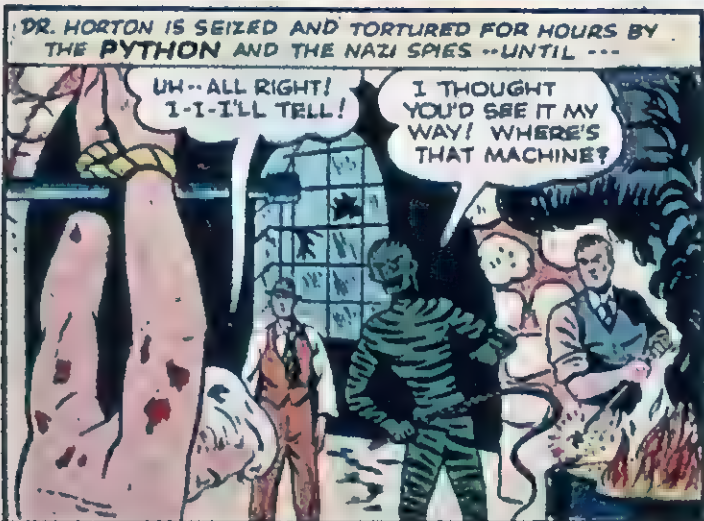
(NOW TURN THE PAGE...)

CHAPTER 3 OF HUMAN TORCH VS. SUB-MARINER



AFTER ARRIVING IN NEW YORK CITY BY SPECIAL PLANE, THE SINISTER PYTHON CRASHES INTO THE SPECIAL LABORATORY OF DR. HORTON, CREATOR OF THE HUMAN TORCH!





AT NEW YORK POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

WHAT? THE PYTHON?
YES, DR. HORTON, I'LL
BE RIGHT OVER!
GOODBYE!

HOT BISCUITS!
LET'S GO, TORCH!
WE'LL GRAB THAT
PYTHON BEFORE
SUB-MARINER
KNOWS ALL
ABOUT IT!

NO, TORCH!
DR. HORTON
SAYS I MUST
COME ALONE!
-- SAYS HE'LL
EXPLAIN WHEN
I GET
THERE!

AW,
GEE!

TORCH STREAKS THROUGH THE
CITY TO THE SECRET LABORATORY.

SO THE PYTHON'S
AFTER DR. HORTON!
WATCH ME WIN THAT
BET FROM SUB-
MARINER!

...A FEW MINUTES LATER, TORCH OPENS THE DOOR...

HA! WE
MEET
AGAIN,
TORCH!

A
TRAP!

THIS STEEL
NET WILL
STOP
HIM!

BUT TORCH SUDDENLY FLAMES UP

STEEL NETS
DON'T HOLD
ME, PYTHON!

FIRST I'LL
GET YOU!
THEN I'LL
TAKE CARE
OF THE
OTHERS!

OWWW!

DIE ACETYLENE
TORCH IS HOTTER
DEN DER
HUMAN
TORCH!

YEEOWW!
THAT FLAME'S
HOT!

AAAAA!
IT
MELTED!

I'VE GOT TO
GET HIM INTO
HORTON'S
MACHINE.
SOMEHOW!
OWW!

YEARS AGO, THE
TORCH SWORE
NEVER TO USE HIS
FLAME TO KILL! --
BUT HE CAN STILL DO
PLENTY OF DAMAGE WITH
IT--AS THE PYTHON
SOON FINDS OUT!

HERE'S SOME
NICE MELTED
GLASS FOR YOU
MUGS TO GET
STUCK ON!

ОНН!
ООН!

HIS FLAME
IS MELTING
THE GLASS
AIIYIII!

TORCH RUSHES OVER TO THE PYTHON!

AND NOW,
PYTHON.. I'M
GONNA BURN
YOU TO A
CRISP!

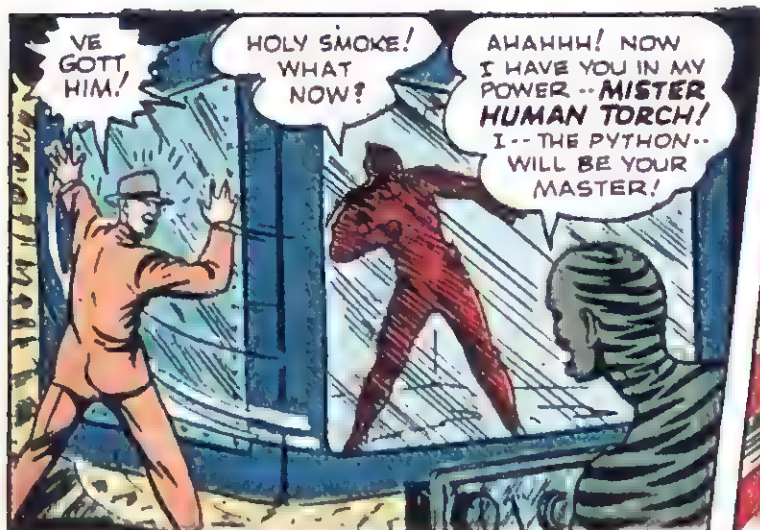
I MUST
REACH
THAT
SWITCH!

THIS'LL BLOW
YOU WHERE I
WANT YOU!

WHA...
AN AIR-
PRESSURE
MACHINE!

I HEV
DER DOOR
READY,
PYTHON!

W. WOW! HE'S
BLOWING ME INTO
DR. HORTON'S
MACHINE!



VE
GOTT
HIM!

HOLY SMOKE!
WHAT
NOW?

AAHHHH! NOW
I HAVE YOU IN MY
POWER -- **MISTER
HUMAN TORCH!**
I -- THE PYTHON --
WILL BE YOUR
MASTER!



I TURN THIS
GAUGE
AND ---



SUDDENLY...

NO! NO! IF
YOU TURN THAT
GAUGE, THE
HUMAN TORCH
WILL NEVER BE
ABLE TO
CONTROL HIS
FLAME!



SHUT
UP!

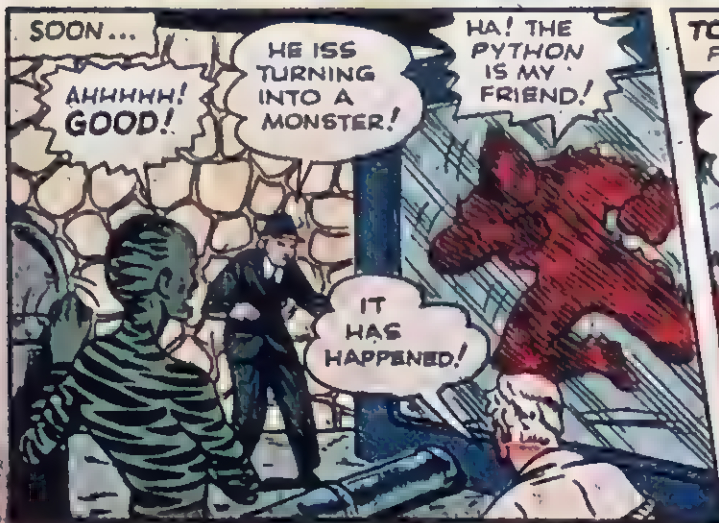
OWWW!

SPLAT!



THERE!

HOW -- HOW
STRANGE
I FEEL!



SOON ...

AAHHHH!
GOOD!

HE ISS
TURNING
INTO A
MONSTER!

HA! THE
PYTHON
IS MY
FRIEND!

IT
HAS
HAPPENED!

**TORCH EMERGES A FIERY,
FLAMING MONSTER!**

I WILL BURN --
KILL FOR
YOU! MY
MASTER!

GOOD!
COME WITH
ME, TORCH!
I HAVE
WORK FOR
YOU!

LATER, THE PYTHON
TELEPHONES THE F.B.I....

HELLO, F.B.I.! DR. HORTON
MADE THE HUMAN TORCH
INTO A FIERY MONSTER
IN ORDER TO HELP
THE NAZIS!

YOU'RE
ZMART,
PYTHON!

WHAT? DR. HORTON
A NAZI SPY? -- THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE! --
HELLO! HELLO!
HE HUNG
UP!

IF THE
HUMAN TORCH
IS HELPING THE
NAZIS, WE'D BETTER
SEND MEN OVER TO
HORTON'S LABORATORY
RIGHT AWAY!

Meanwhile...

WUOV
FIRE ALARMS!
THE TORCH ISN'T
BACK YET! I'M
WORRIED! MAYBE
THAT PYTHON
HAS GEE!

TORO CONTACTS SUB-MARINER
AND EXPLAINS...

WHY DIDN'T THE
TORCH TELL ME
ABOUT IT? I
GUESS HE WANTED
THE GLORY FOR
HIMSELF!

NO! ...
DR. HORTON
WARNED HIM
NOT TO TELL
ANYBODY ABOUT
THE PYTHON'S
BEING AROUND
NEW YORK!

AS THEY RUSH OVER TO DR. HORTON'S
LABORATORY, THEY SEE -----

CAKCLING CODFISH!
IS THAT A FIRE MOVING? --
OR ... IS IT THE
HUMAN TORCH???

G-GOSH!
IT CAN'T
BE
THE
TORCH!
IT'S TOO
BIG!

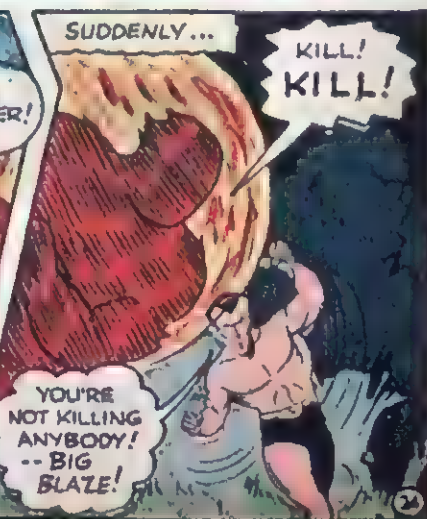
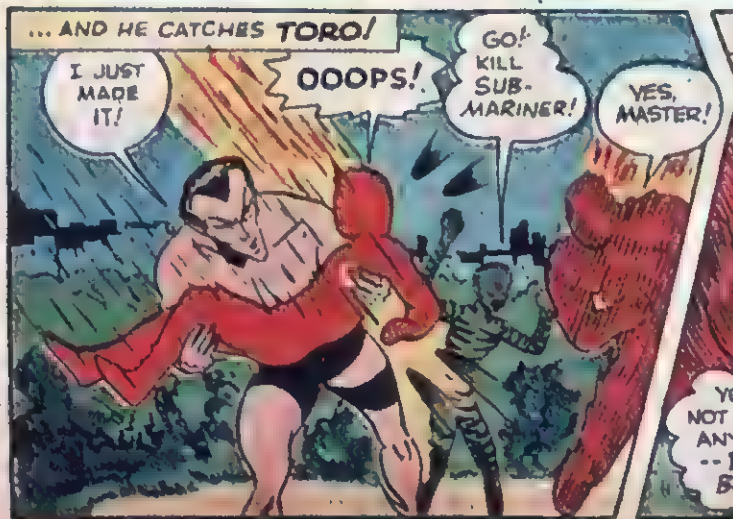
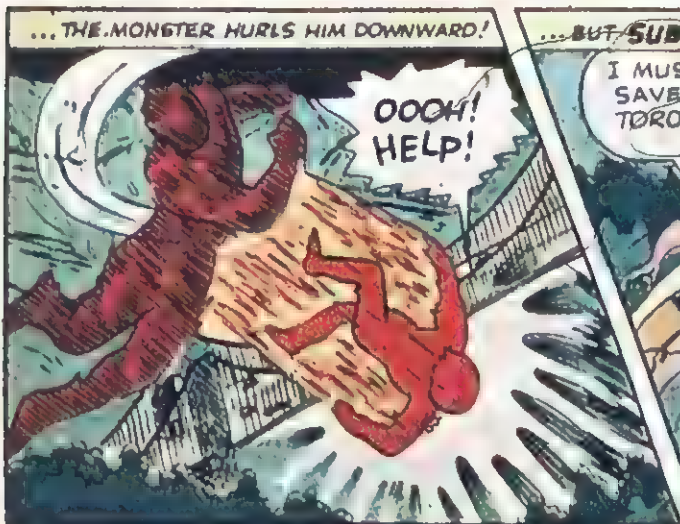
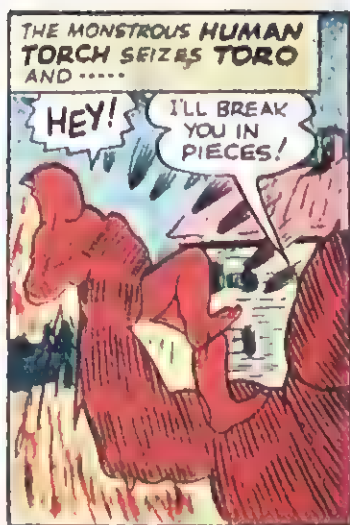
COME ON, HOT STUFF!
LET'S FIND OUT!

OKAY,
SEAHORSE!
I'M RIGHT
WITH
YOU!

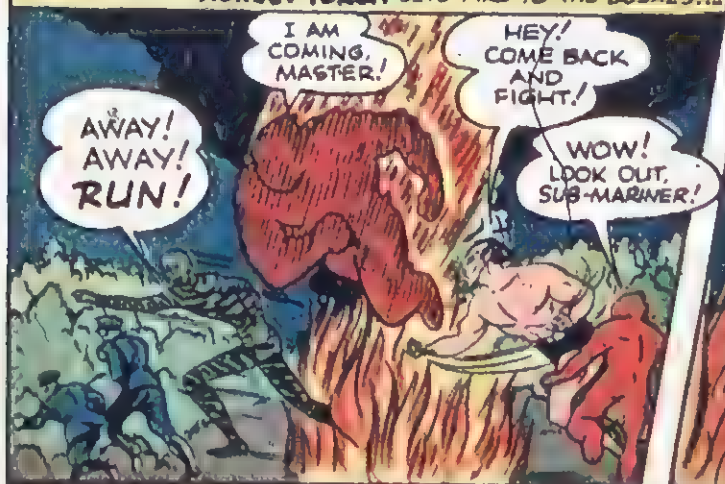
THE PYTHON! --
I FIGURED I'D
FIND A
SNAKE
IN THIS
GRASS!

I DON'T KNOW
WHO YOUR
FIRE-BOY IS --
BUT THE BIGGER
THEY COME
THE HARDER
THEY
FALL!

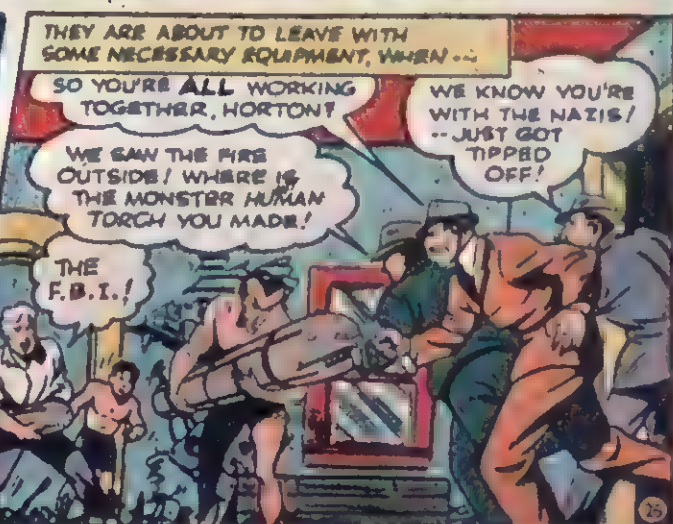
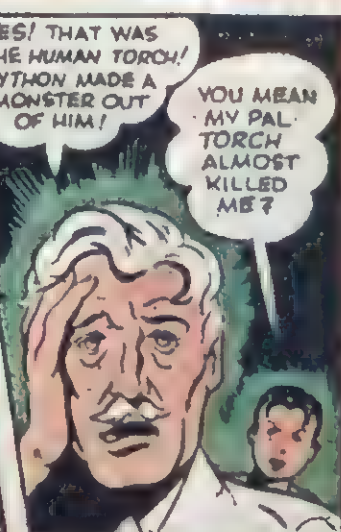
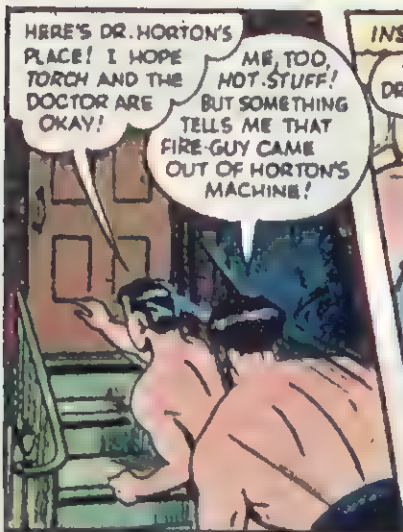
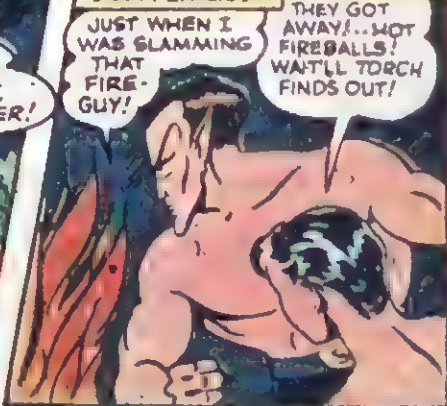
THE SUB-
MARINER
AND
TORO!



THE MONSTROUS HUMAN TORCH SETS FIRE TO THE BUSHES!...



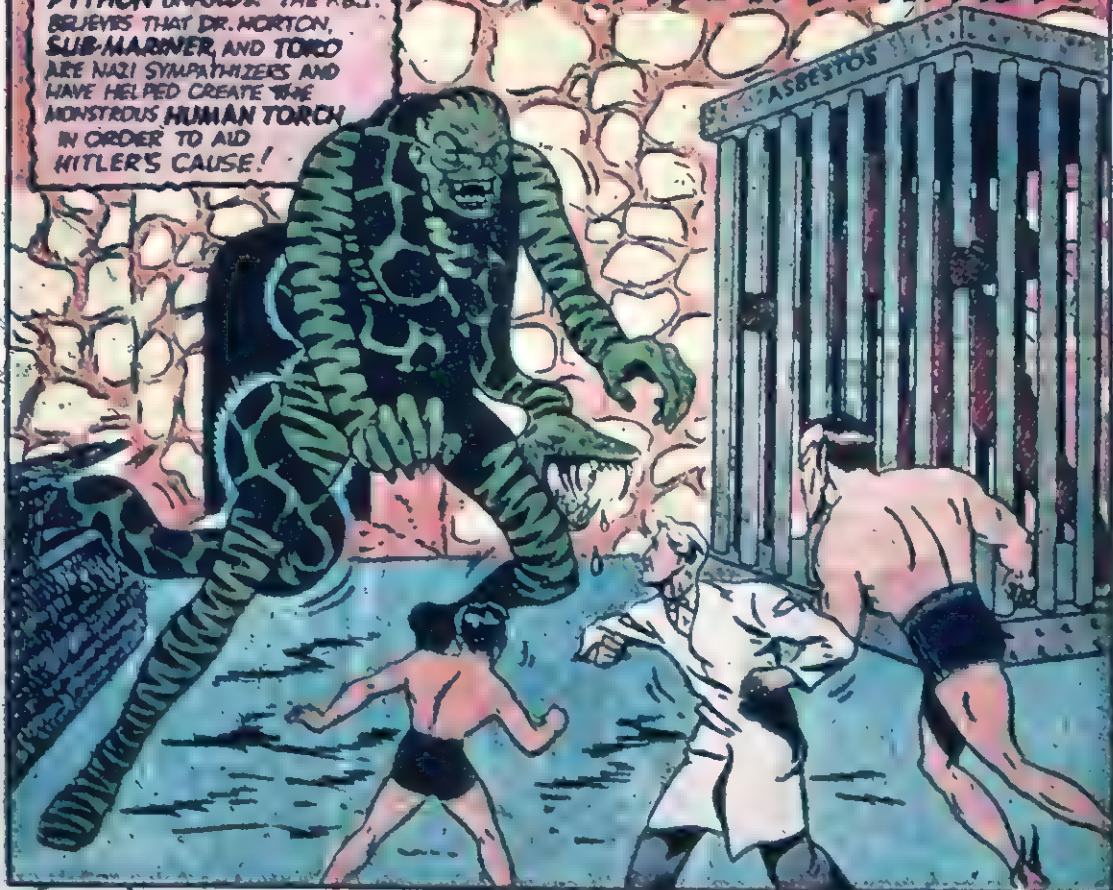
...WHEN TORD AND THE SUB-MARINER RUSH OUT OF THE FLAMES, THE PYTHON AND THE MAN-OF-FLAME HAVE DISAPPEARED!



CHAPTER 4 of HUMAN TORCH vs. SUB-MARINER

ANOTHER OF THE SINISTER SCHEMES OF THE DANGEROUS PYTHON UNFOLDS! THE F.B.I. BELIEVES THAT DR. MORTON, SUB-MARINER, AND TORO ARE NAZI SYMPATHIZERS AND HAVE HELPED CREATE THE MONSTROUS HUMAN TORCH IN ORDER TO AID HITLER'S CAUSE!

The PYTHON STRIKES!



THEY DON'T BELIEVE US!

GOOFY GURRIES! THE G-MEN DON'T DREAM THAT THE PYTHON MADE TORO A MONSTER!

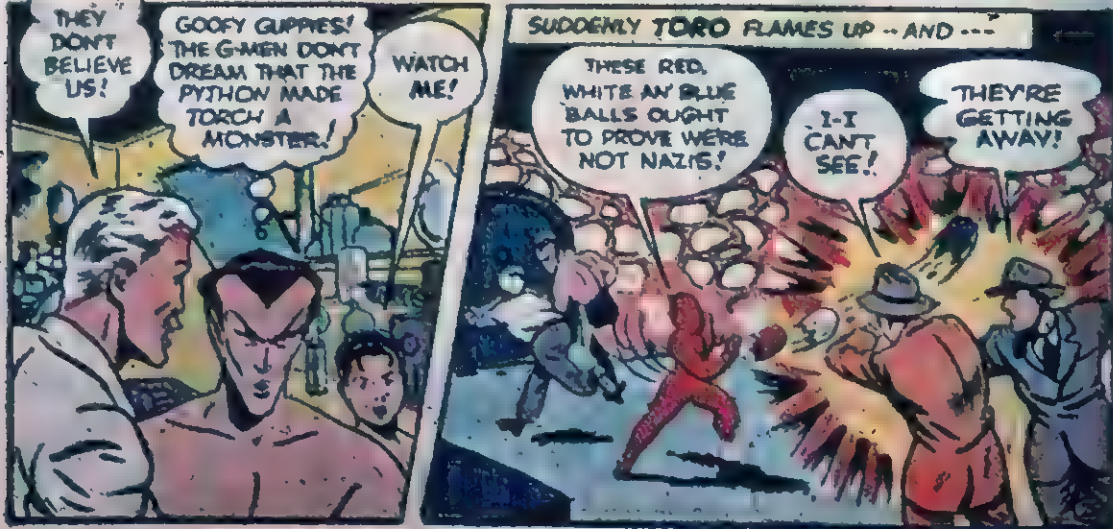
WATCH ME!

SUDDENLY TORO FLAMES UP -- AND ---

THESE RED, WHITE AND BLUE BALLS OUGHT TO PROVE WE'RE NOT NAZIS!

I-I CAN'T SEE!

THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!



DR. HORTON LEADS THEM INTO A SECRET PASSAGE!...

THOSE G-~~Y~~ MEN
THINK WE'RE
TRAITORS - BUT
WE MUST STOP
THE TORCH
AND THE
PYTHON!

YEAH! BUT
WHERE
ARE
THEY?

THEY
JUST
DISAPPEARED!

TORCH IS NOW A MAN-OF-
FIRE ONLY! THIS INVENTION,
THE FIRE-GRAPH, REACTS TO
FIRE! IT WILL HELP US
TO FOLLOW THEM!

BUT IN PYTHON'S
HIDE-OUT...

HA! IT'S A GOOD
THING I HAD THIS
ASBESTOS-COVERED
CAGE READY FOR
YOU, TORCH!

YES,
MASTER!

DER TORCH
ISS MAKING
HIMSELF
COMFORTABLE
IN HIS NEW HOME,
EH, PYTHON?

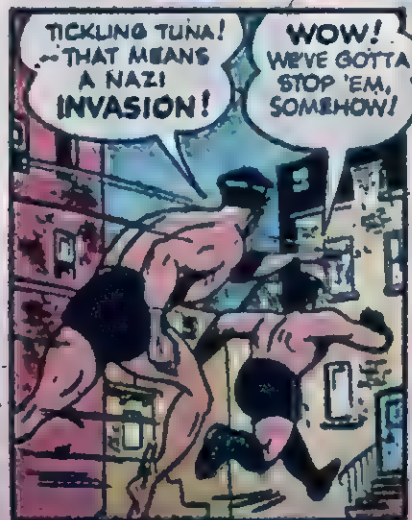
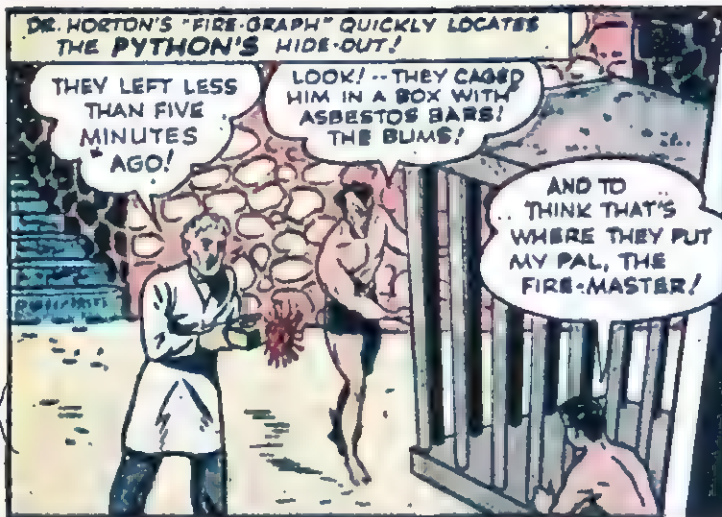
TONIGHT TORCH
WILL SET FIRE TO
THE WATERFRONT
OF NEW YORK!

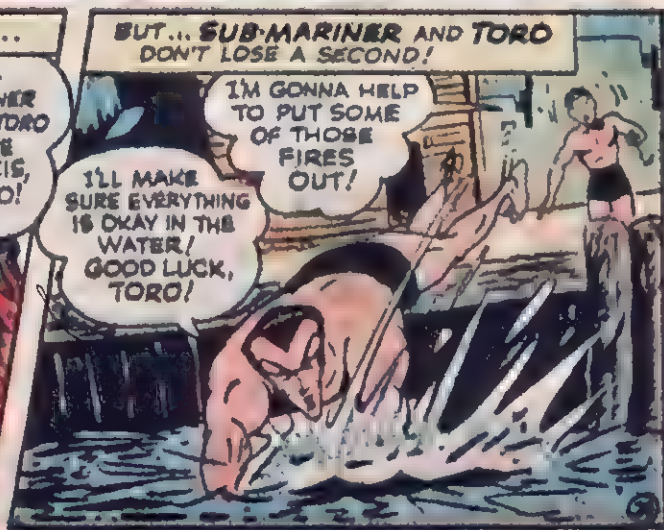
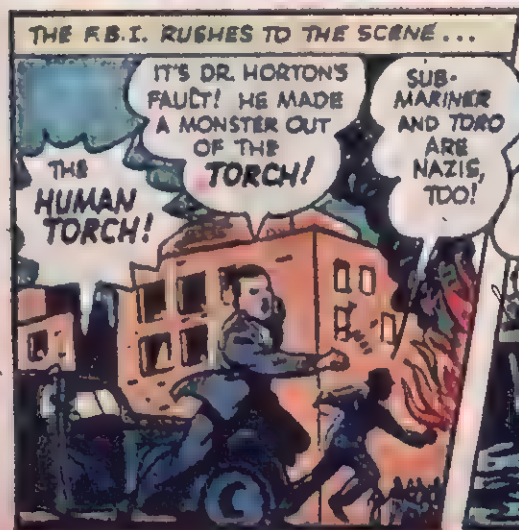
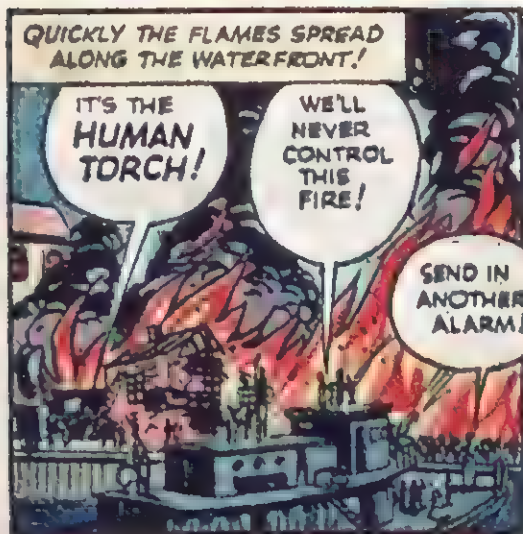
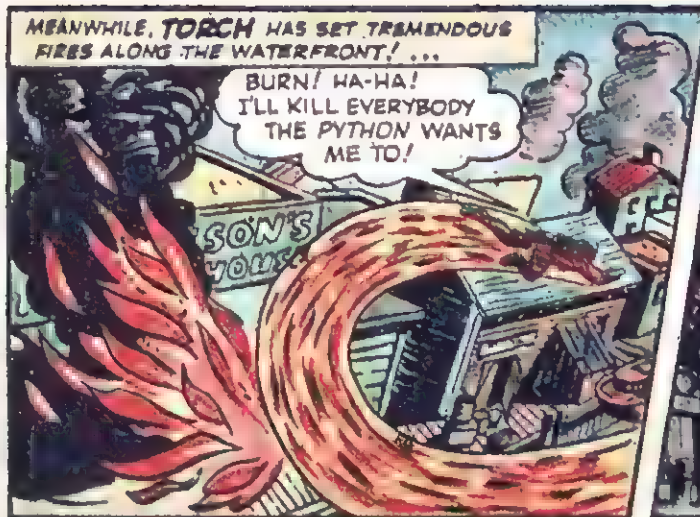
I WILL UNLOCK
YOUR CAGE!
COME! WE
HAVE WORK
TO DO FOR
HITLER!

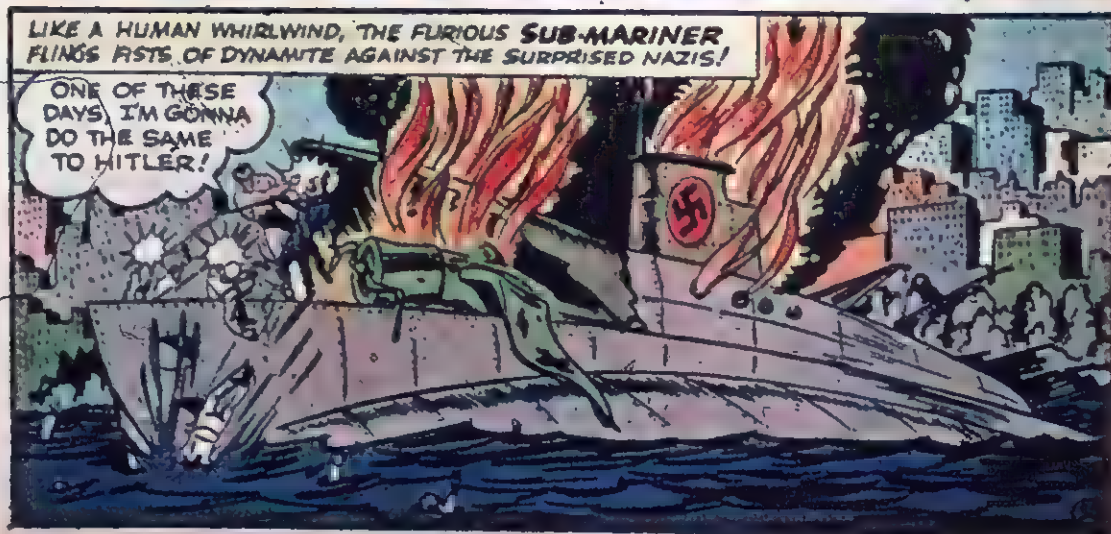
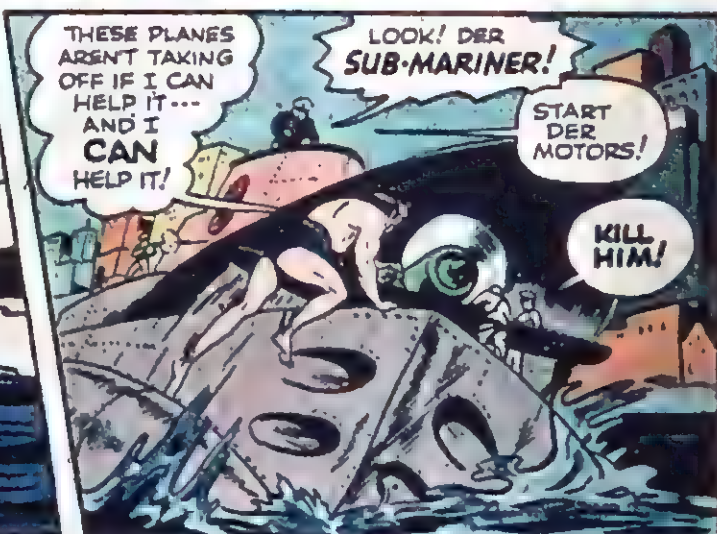
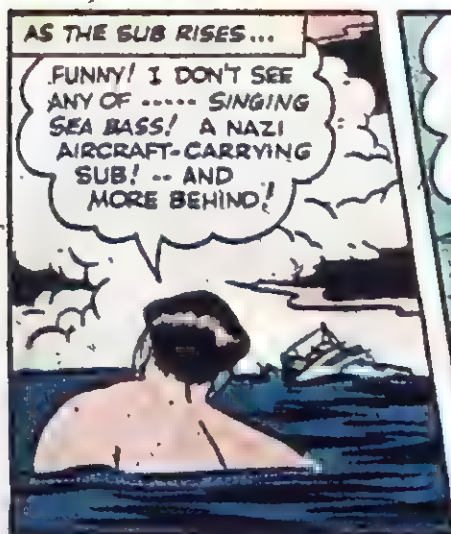
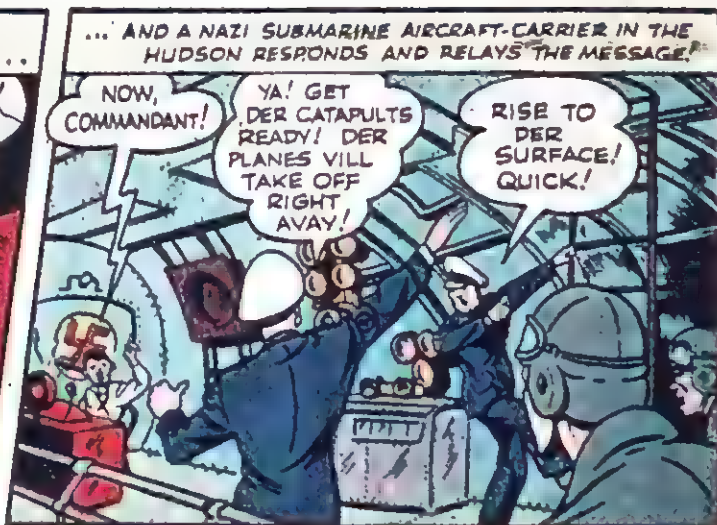
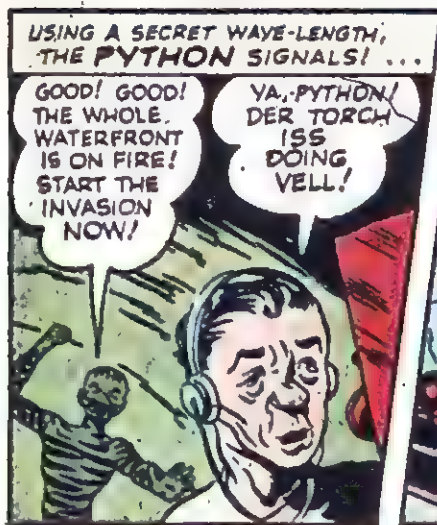
THEY LEAVE...

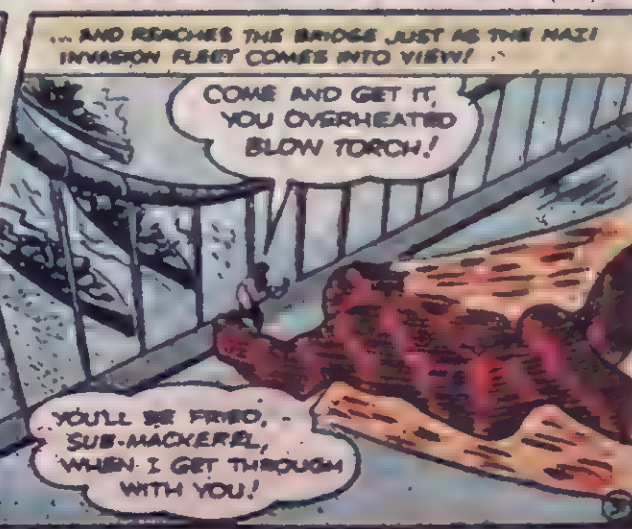
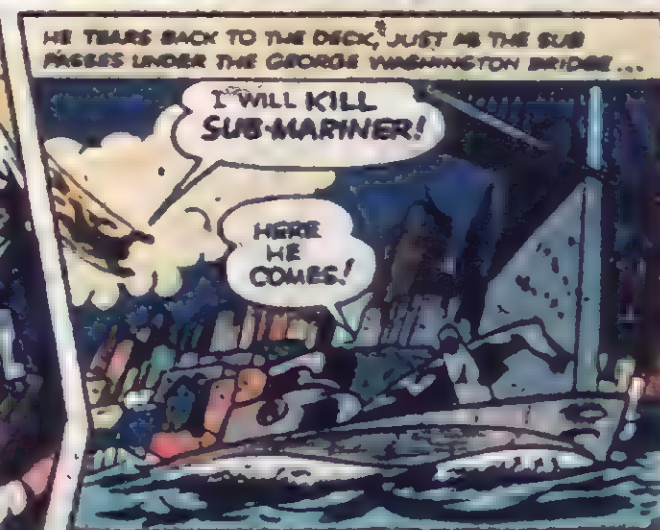
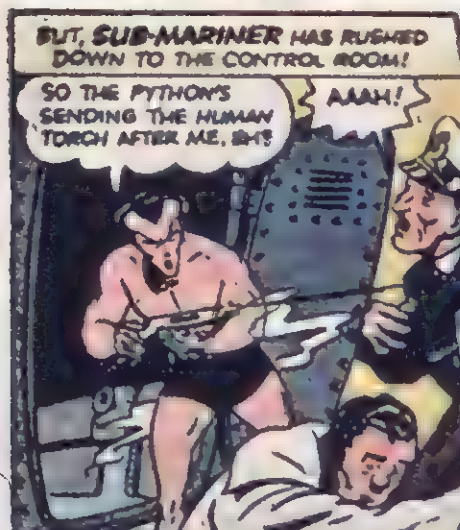
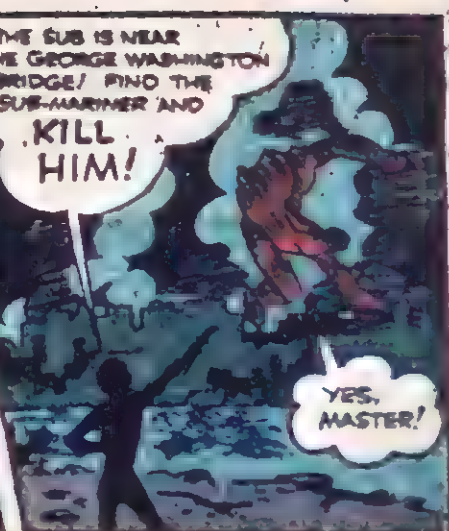
AH! SOON
YOU WILL MAKE-
THE WATERFRONT
A NICE
BONFIRE!

YES!









AS THE POWERFUL SUBMARINES OF NAZIDOM STEAM DOWN THE HUDSON, THE MIGHTY AMERICAN DEFENDERS OF OUR EASTERN COAST OPEN THEIR SHORE BATTERIES!



ON THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE--HIGH ABOVE--THERE IS ANOTHER EPIC BATTLE ABOUT TO BE FOUGHT! . . . IT IS THE BATTLE BETWEEN FIRE AND WATER! . . .

. . . SOON THE AIR BECOMES A VERITABLE **INFERNO** OF SOUND AND EXPLOSION -- OF GUN-BARKS FROM DEFENDER AND INVADER! . . . TRULY AN EPIC BATTLE IN HISTORY!



. . . THE **SUB-MARINER** VERSUS THE **PYTHON'S** MONSTROUS, HYPNOTIZED **HUMAN TORCH**!

KRAZY KOMICS

IN ANSWER
TO YOUR
THOUSANDS OF REQUESTS
A NEW ISSUE OF
SENSATIONAL

KRAZY KOMICS

WILL NOW BE ON SALE
EVERY MONTH!

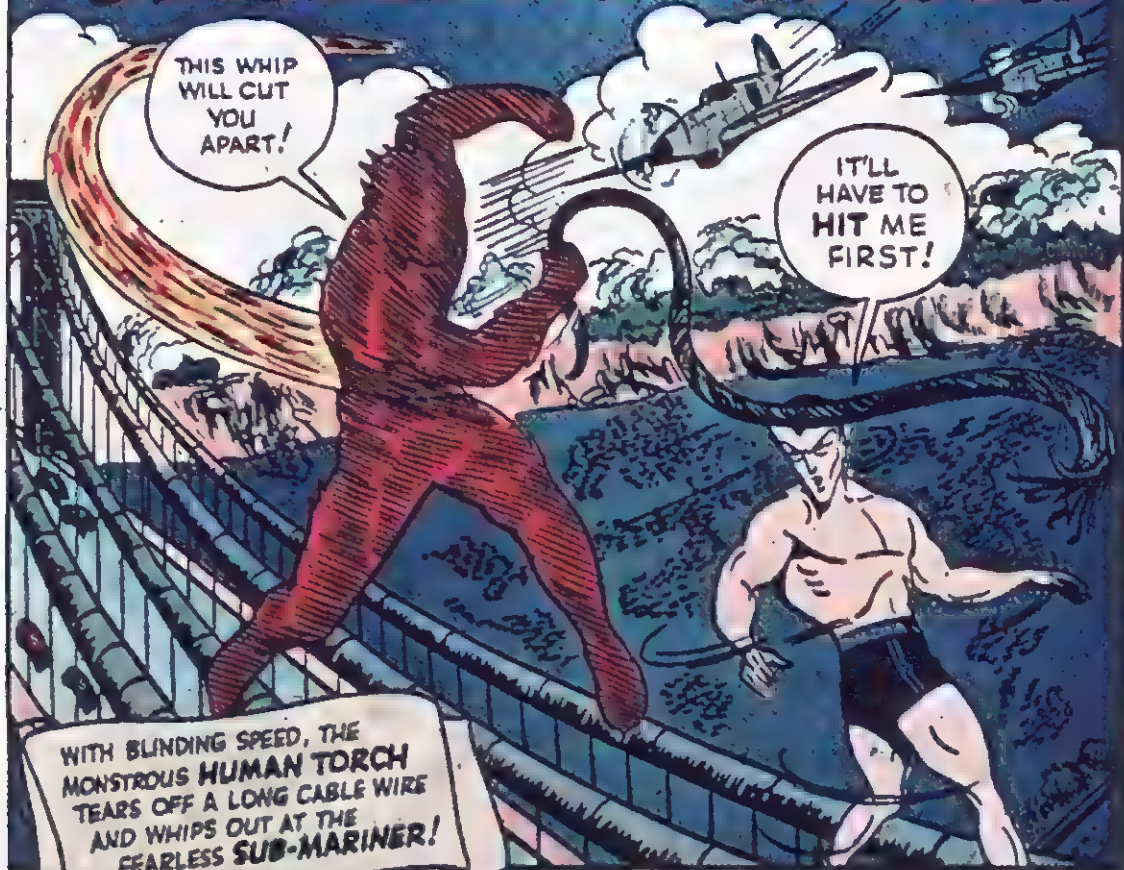
YOUR FAVORITE COMIC
CHARACTERS LIVE BEFORE
YOUR EYES IN
GLORIOUS COLOR
AS YOU FOLLOW THE
ADVENTURES OF -

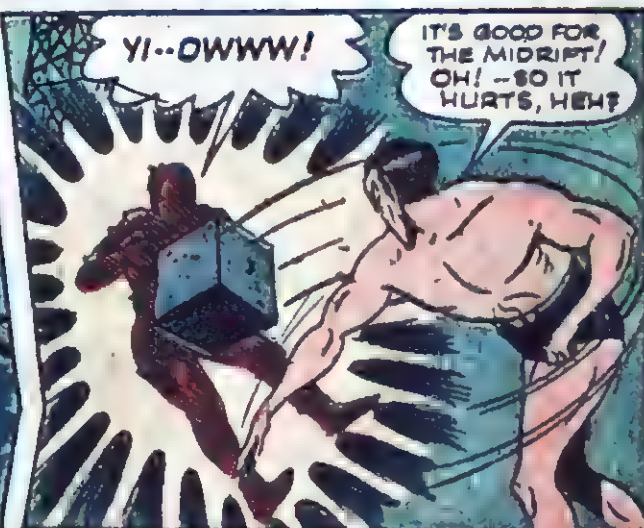
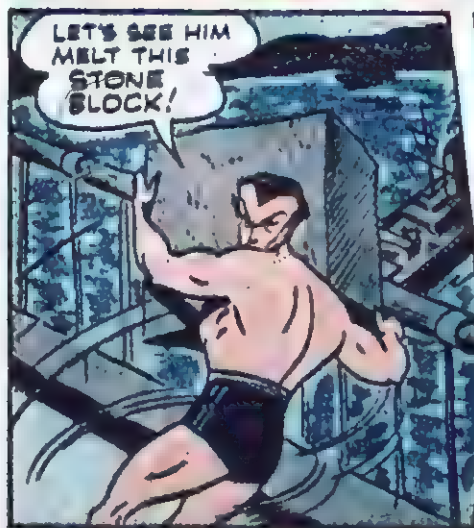
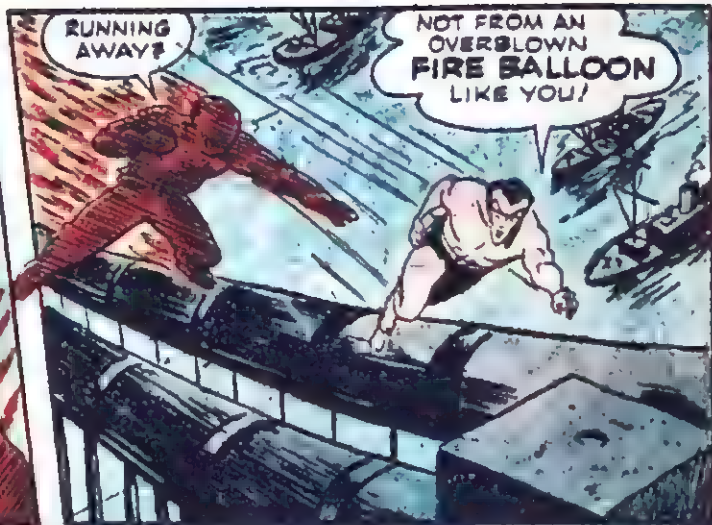
DON'T MISS
EACH LAPP-PACKED
ISSUE OF AMERICA'S
GAYEST
FUN
MAGAZINE!

• ZIGGY PIG •
• ROUGHY KONGAT •
• POSEY PELICAN •
• SNAPPY TURTLE •
• DINGALING •
AND ALL THEIR FRIENDS

ASK YOUR NEWSDEALER FOR YOUR COPY OF
KRAZY KOMICS *Today!*

UNDERGROUND TERROR!





THE MONSTER HUMAN TORCH SWIFTLY SEIZES SUB-MARINER!

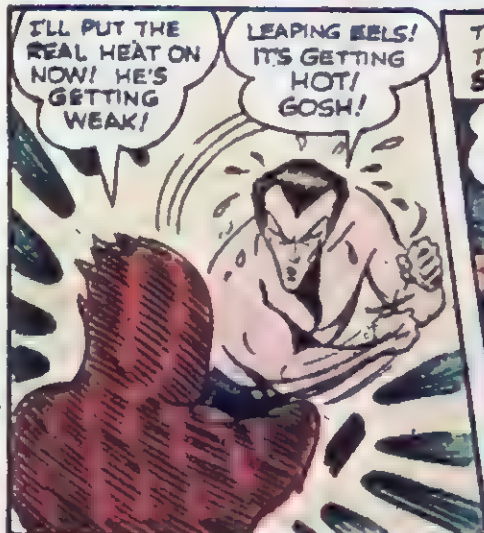
I'LL BURN HIM TO DEATH!

SAVES YOU, YOU EXAGGERATED SPARK!

THE WATER DUCTS IN NAMOR'S BODY REACT AND KEEP HIM FROM BEING SCORCHED, BUT HE SOON FEELS THE INTENSE HEAT OF THE TORCH'S BLAZING BODY! ...

... JUST AS TORO, AFTER HAVING TRIED TO STOP FIRES MADE BY TORCH, FLASHES UPON THE SCENE!

HOLY SMOKE! -- IT'S TORCH AND SUB-MARINER!

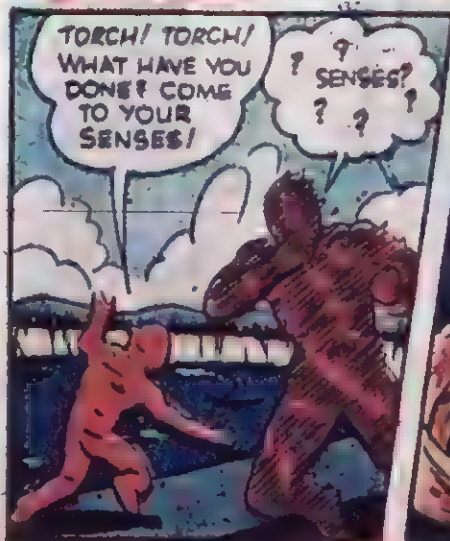


THE TREMENDOUS HEAT OF THE FIENDISH TORCH AFFECTS SUB-MARINER -- AND ...

NO! NO! YOU'LL KILL HIM, TORCH!

HA-HA! THAT'S THE END OF SUB-MARINER! MY MASTER WILL BE PLEASED!

THIS IS ONLY A "STRATEGIC" RETREAT, TORCH! I'LL BE BACK!

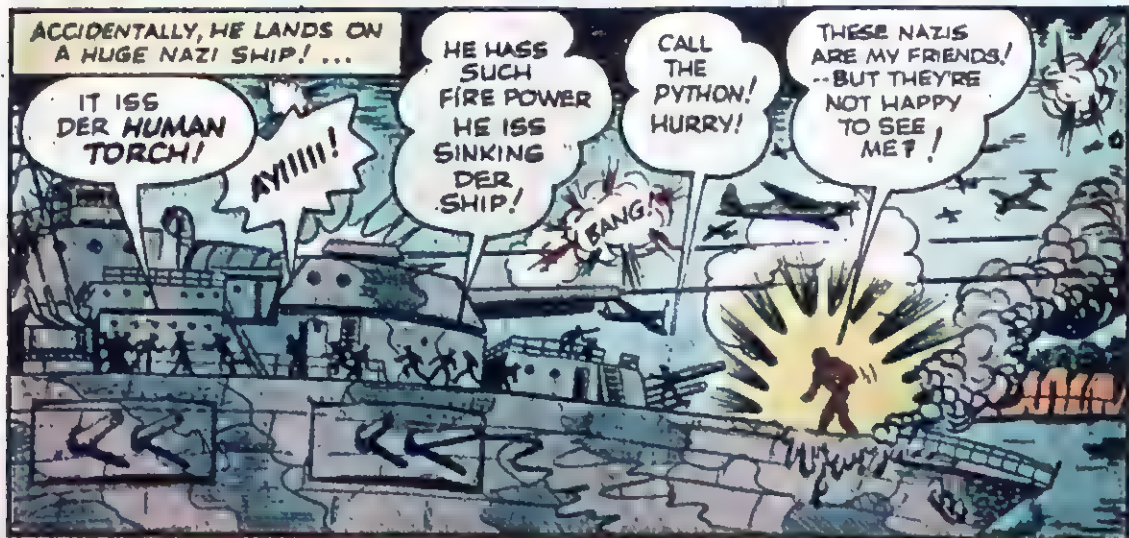
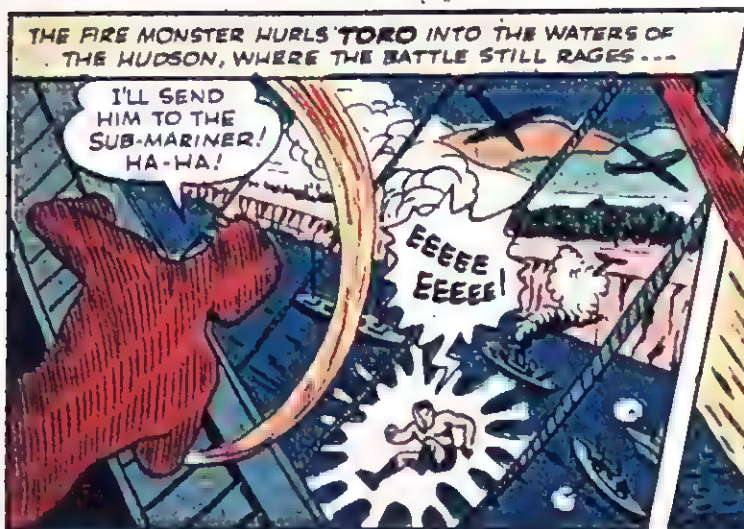


ONLY THE PYTHON TELLS ME WHAT TO DO!

TORCH SLAPS HIS PAL!

OW!

I HAVE TWIRLED HIM SO FAST THAT HIS FLAME WENT OUT! HA!



SUB-MARINER FLASHES THROUGH THE WATER WITH TORO!

SO HIS OWN PAL TRIED
TO KILL HIM! -- I'LL
FIX THE TORCH
FOR THAT!

BOOM!

GOSH! I'VE BEEN
WORKING ON
HIM FOR AN
HOUR! --
HE'S ...

HOPPIN'
FIRE-HOSES!
I-I--MUST'VE
SWALLOWED
THE HUDSON
RIVER!

SOON AFTER, THEY MEET
DR. HORTON AT A
SECRET PLACE ...

WE'RE
STILL
HUNTED
MEN!

WHAT
DO WE DO
NOW!

--AND THE
TORCH AND
PYTHON ARE
FREE!

WE'LL USE THAT
FIRE-GRAPH AND
TRAIL THE TORCH
FROM THE PYTHON'S
LAST HIDE-OUT!

RIGHT!
WE'LL WAIT
UNTIL ITS
DARK!

I SWEAR BY KING
NEPTUNE -- IF I MEET
THE TORCH AGAIN, IT
WILL BE A FIGHT TO
THE FINISH! -- ONE
OF US MUST
DIE!

AS THE SHADOWS OF EVENING FALL,
SHIP AFTER SHIP OF THE NAZI
INVASION FLEET RAISES THE
WHITE FLAG OF SURRENDER!

A DIRECT
HIT!

STOP
FIRING!
VE GIFF
UP!

DER
AMERICANS
ARE TOO
STRONG
VOR US!

OOOH!

MEANWHILE, THE MURDEROUS PYTHON AND HIS SPIES RUSH TO THEIR CARS!

THE INVASION HAS FAILED, BUT AMERICA DOES NOT DREAM THAT THE PYTHON SET THE WATERFRONT ON FIRE!

DERE ISS ONLY VONE PYTHON!
YA!

THE F.B.I. THINKS IT IS DR. HORTON'S FAULT!
HA-HA! THEY THINK HE MADE THE TORCH A MONSTER!

BEFORE WE'RE THROUGH, WE'LL KILL MILLIONS!
RIGHT, TORCH?

YES, MASTER!
WE WILL WRECK THE SUBWAYS!

BUT JUST THEN THE LEADER OF AN AMERICAN SQUADRON SEES---

THERE'S THE TORCH!
HE'S THE ONE WHO SET THE WATERFRONT ON FIRE! LET'S GET HIM!

THE LEADER DIPS HIS WINGS AND THE SQUADRON SWOOPS DOWN UPON THE HUMAN TORCH!

WHAT THE--?

AMERICAN PLANES!
FIGHT THEM, TORCH!
BURN THEM!

THE NOW-FIENDISH TORCH SOON
SETS FIRE TO ONE OF THE PLANES!



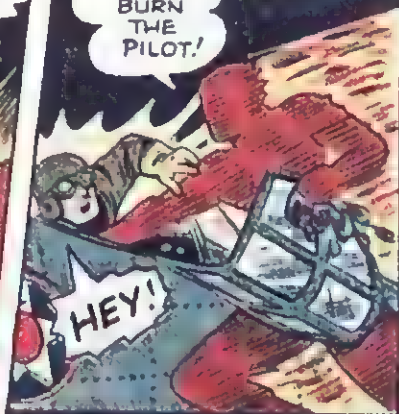
HA-HA!
KILL!

BURN! KILL!
I HATE
AMERICANS!



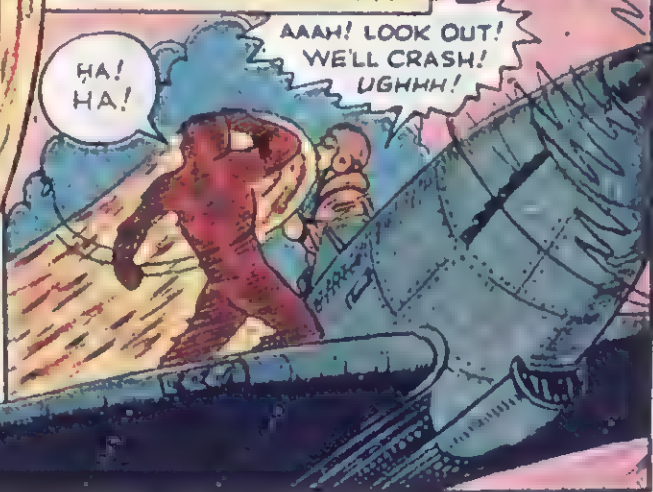
HE TEARS OPEN
THE DOOR OF A PLANE...

I WILL
BURN
THE
PILOT!



HEY!

...AND SEIZES THE PILOT!



HA!
HA!

AAAH! LOOK OUT!
WE'LL CRASH!
UGHHH!

HA-HA!
BURN! CRASH!
KILL!



IT CRASHED! AND IT'S
BURNING! THE PYTHON
WILL BE PLEASED!



CRASH!

PYTHON HAS WATCHED!

GOOD! THE
OTHER PLANES FLEW
AWAY! HA! NOTHING
CAN STOP MY
TORCH!

TORCH!
TORCH!
COME
HERE!

YES,
MASTER!

DER TORCH
VILL DO ANYTHING
DER PYTHON
COMMANDS!
YA!

THE GIGANTIC TORCH OBEYS—BUT—

HE HAS
SET FIRE
TO THE
BUSHES!

TORCH
HAS NO
CONTROL
OVER DER
FLAME!

I AM
COMING,
MASTER!

Y'LL
BE
TRAPPED!

NO! NO! GO AWAY!
GO BACK TO THE
HIDE OUT! GO
BACK TO YOUR
CAGE!

YES,
MASTER!

A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY, SUBMARINER NOTICES—

THE
FIRE-GRAPH!
IT'S
MOVING!

THAT MEANS
THERE'S A FIRE
OF TERRIFIC
INTENSITY
NEARBY!

FLICKERIN'
FIREBUGS!
CAN IT BE
TORCH?

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

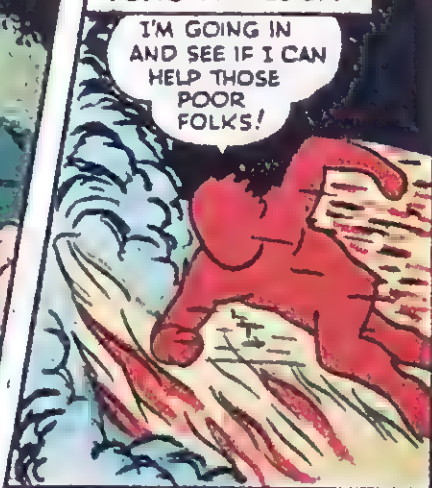


WOW!
IT SURE IS
A HOT
ONE!

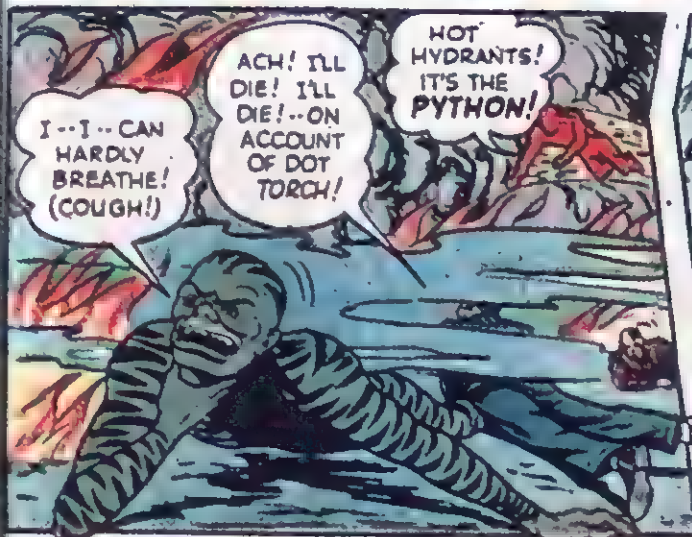
SOME PEOPLE
ARE
TRAPPED!

THE
FIRE!

TORO FLAMES UP!



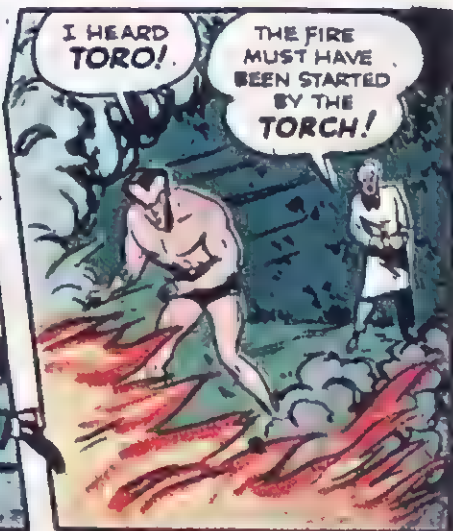
I'M GOING IN
AND SEE IF I CAN
HELP THOSE
POOR
FOLKS!



HOT
HYDRANTS!
IT'S THE
PYTHON!

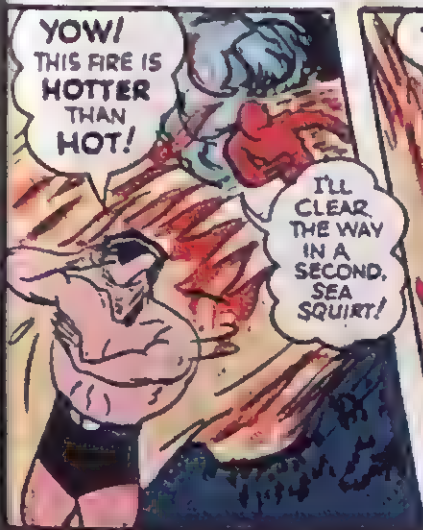
ACH! I'LL
DIE! I'LL
DIE!--ON
ACCOUNT
OF DOT
TORCH!

I--I-- CAN
HARDLY
BREATHE!
(COUGH!)



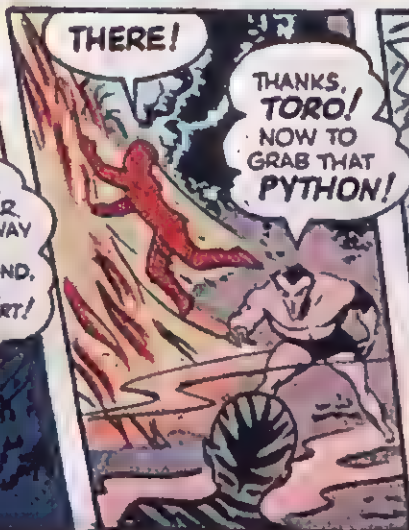
I HEARD
TORO!

THE FIRE
MUST HAVE
BEEN STARTED
BY THE
TORCH!



YOW!
THIS FIRE IS
HOTTER
THAN
HOT!

I'LL
CLEAR
THE WAY
IN A
SECOND,
SEA
SQUIRT!



THERE!

THANKS,
TORO!
NOW TO
GRAB THAT
PYTHON!



SUB-
MARINER!
I
THOUGHT!...

YOU THOUGHT
TORO AND I
WERE DEAD!
NOW I'LL DO
SOME THINKING
ABOUT YOU!

THE PYTHON LIES ...

PLEASE! PLEASE!
THE TORCH TURNED
AGAINST ME AND
STARTED THE FIRE!

WHAT?
I KNEW THE
GUY WAS A
DIRTY SO-AND-SO,
BUT I DIDN'T
THINK ...

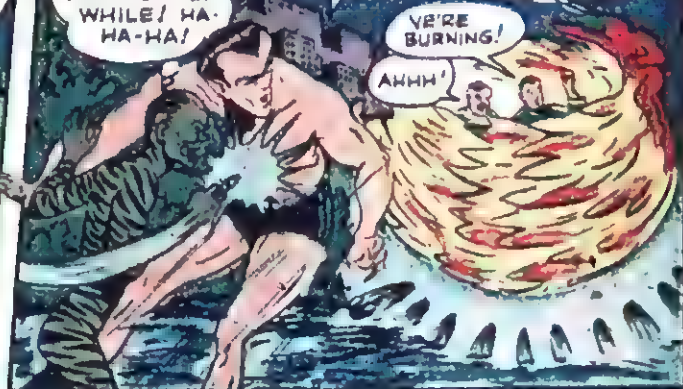
**AS SUB-MARINER LOOKS AT TORO--
PYTHON TAKES SUDDEN ADVANTAGE!**

THIS'LL PUT
HIM TO SLEEP
FOR A LITTLE
WHILE! HA-
HA-HA!

ATTABOY,
TORO!

FLASHING FIRE-PLUGS!
SUB-MARINER! HE
"GOT" YOU!

VE'RE
BURNING!
AHHH!



**TORO RUNS TO THE FALLEN
NAMOR AS THE PYTHON
RUNS AWAY AFTER DROPPING
THE NEEDLE ...**

QUICK!
DR. HORTON!
HELP!

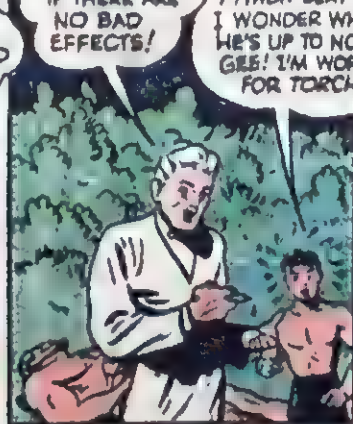
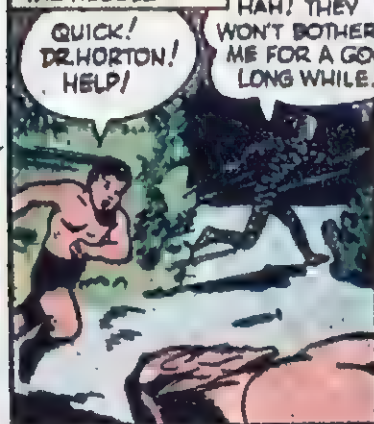
HAH! THEY
WON'T BOTHER
ME FOR A GOOD
LONG WHILE!

IT'S LUMINO! I
SUB MARINER WILL
SLEEP FOR AT
LEAST AN HOUR!
--IF THERE ARE
NO BAD
EFFECTS!

GEE, DOC!
THE GUY I'M
WORRIED ABOUT
IS TORCH! THE
PYTHON BEAT IT.
I WONDER WHAT
HE'S UP TO NOW?
GEE! I'M WORRIED
FOR TORCH!

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, THE
PYTHON WAS BACK IN HIS
HIDE-OUT TALKING TO TORCH...

I HAVE
WAITED
FOR YOU,
MASTER!
THAT'S FINE. I
HAVE SPECIAL
WORK FOR YOU,
MY FRIEND!
WE'LL SET FIRE
TO THE
SUBWAYS!
HA-HA!



**ALL ALONG THE WAY, THE
MONSTROUS TORCH DAMAGES
PROPERTY AND ALARMS CITIZENS!**

GOOD!
SET FIRE
TO EVERYTHING
YOU FIND!

YES,
MASTER!
I WILL!

**WHILE THE TORCH IS BLASTING
A TRAIL OF DESTRUCTION, THE
SUB-MARINER AT LAST
WAKES UP!**

WE LOST A
LOT OF TIME!
WHERE ARE
THEY?

THE FIRE-GRAPH
WILL CATCH UP
WITH THE TORCH
IN A FEW MINUTES!
WE'LL FIND
THEM!

**BY THE TIME DR. HORTON, SUB-
MARINER AND TORO CATCH UP
TO THEM IN THE SUBWAY,
TORCH HAS ALREADY CAUSED
GREAT HARM!**

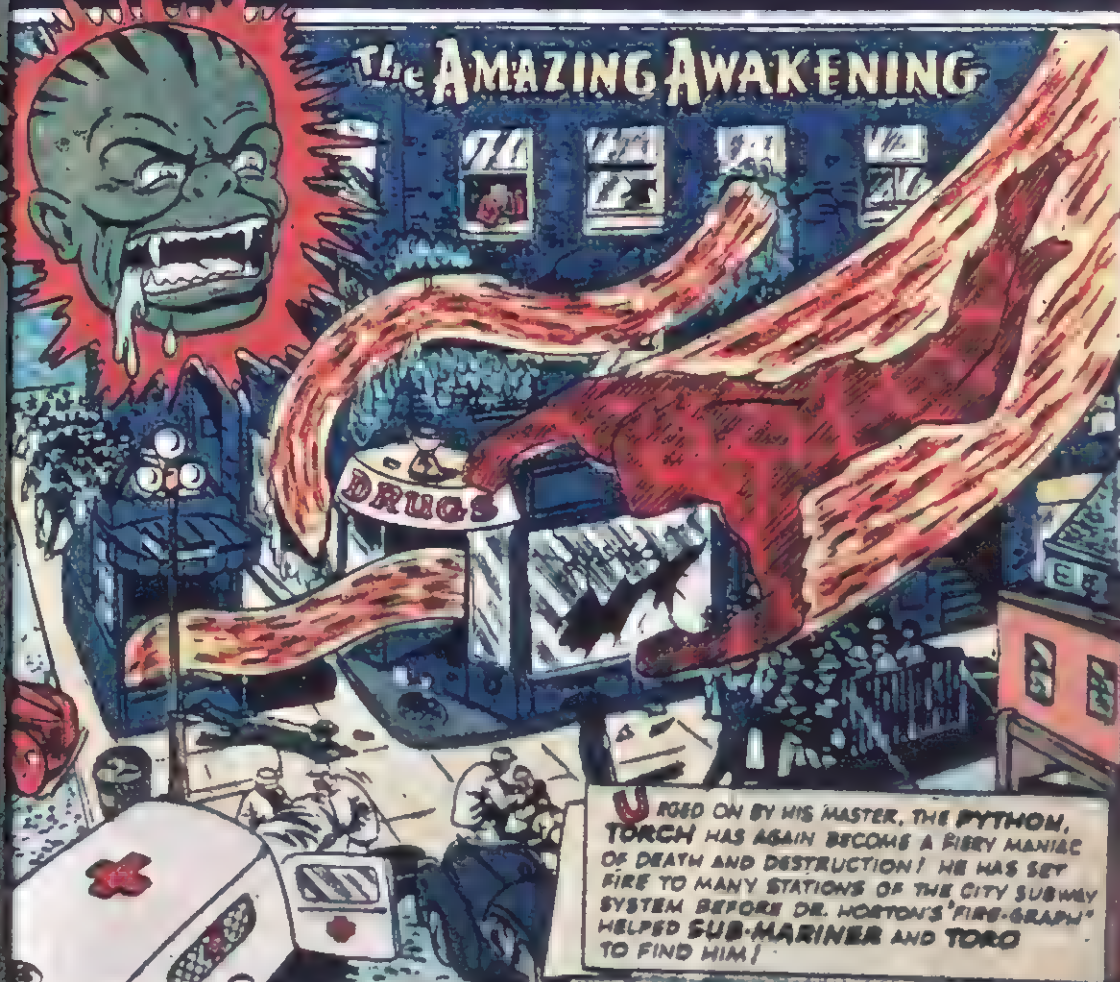
SO HERE
YOU ARE!
IT'S A
FIGHT TO
THE FINISH,
TORCH!

THE
SUB-
MARINER!
I--I
CAN'T--

KILL THEM!
YOUR
MASTER
COMMANDS
YOU!

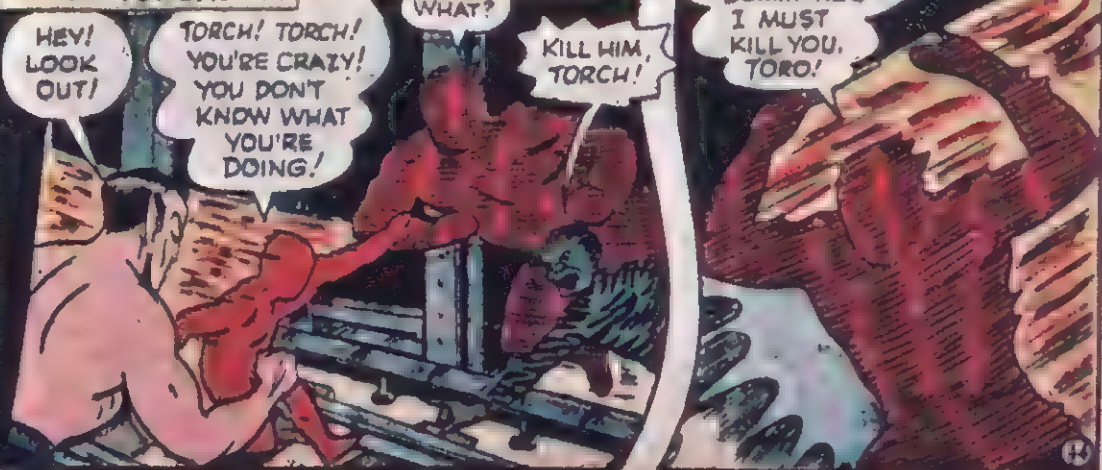


THE AMAZING AWAKENING



URGED ON BY HIS MASTER, THE PYTHON, TORCH HAS AGAIN BECOME A FIERY MANIAC OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION! HE HAS SET FIRE TO MANY STATIONS OF THE CITY SUBWAY SYSTEM BEFORE DR. HORTON'S "FIRE-GRAPH" HELPED SUB-MARINER AND TORO TO FIND HIM!

TORO SUDDENLY RUSHES BETWEEN SUB-MARINER AND TORCH!...



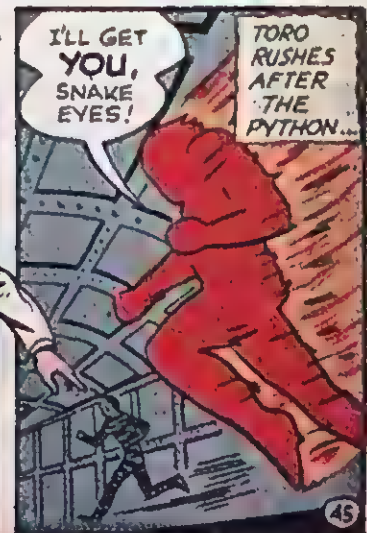
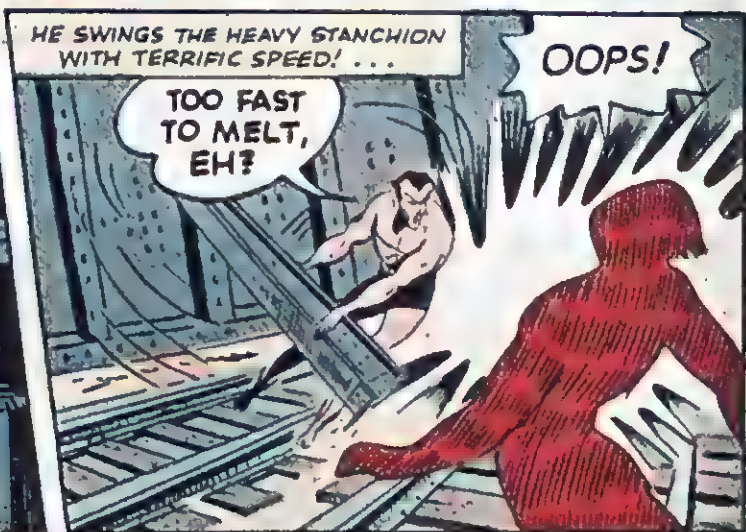
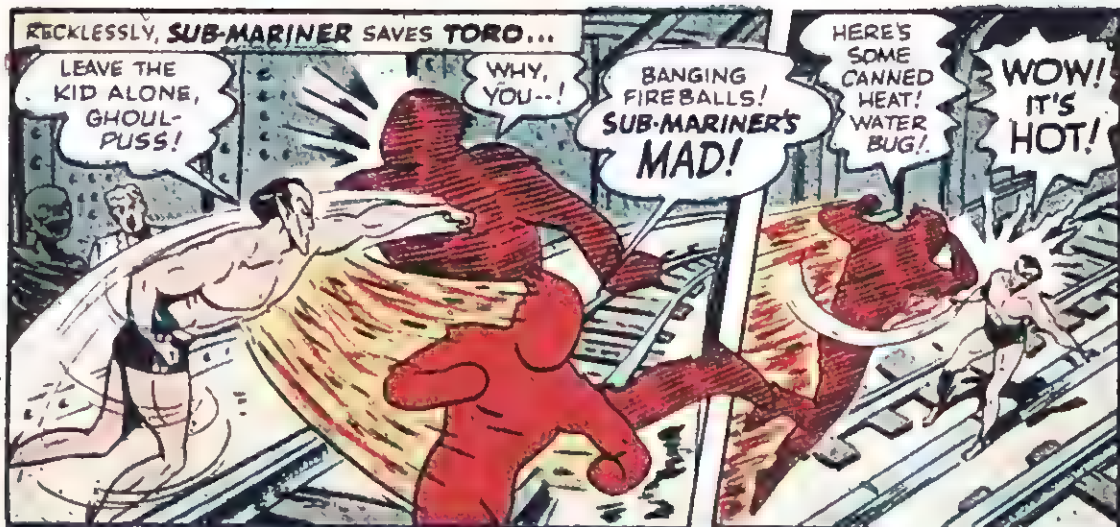
HEY!
LOOK
OUT!

TORCH! TORCH!
YOU'RE CRAZY!
YOU DON'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE
DOING!

WHAT?

KILL HIM,
TORCH!

MY MASTER
COMMANDS!
I MUST
KILL YOU,
TORO!



TORO CORNERS THE PYTHON!

THESE FIREBALLS
WILL MAKE A
HOT SNAKE
OUTTA YOU!

HELP!
HELP!
TORCH!



MY MASTER CALLS!
-- I MUST HELP
HIM!

SNICKERING
SERPENTS!
-- HE'S
GOING!



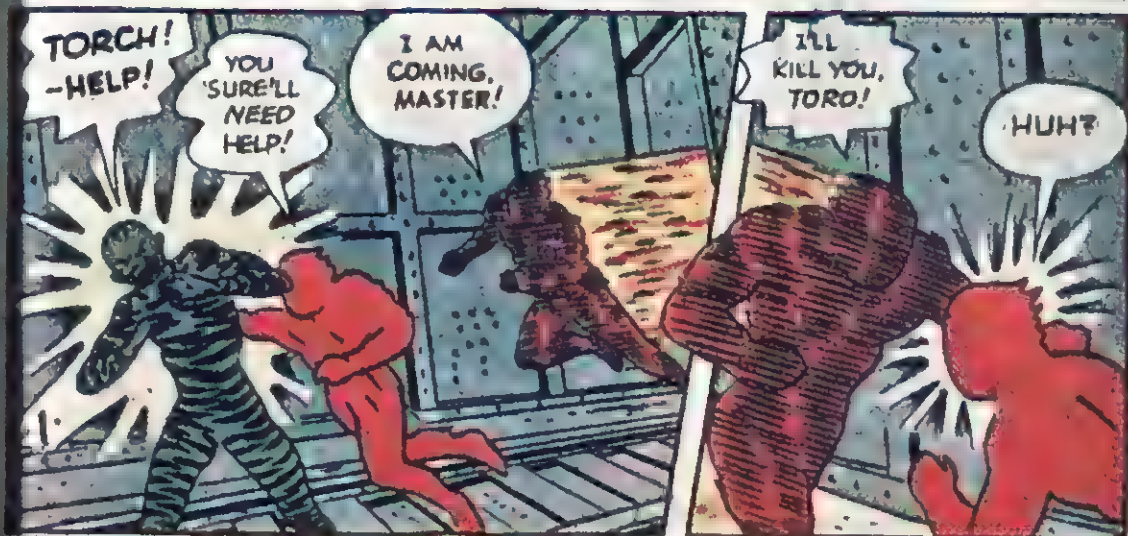
TORCH!
--HELP!

YOU
SURE'LL
NEED
HELP!

I AM
COMING,
MASTER!

I'LL
KILL YOU,
TORO!

HUHT?

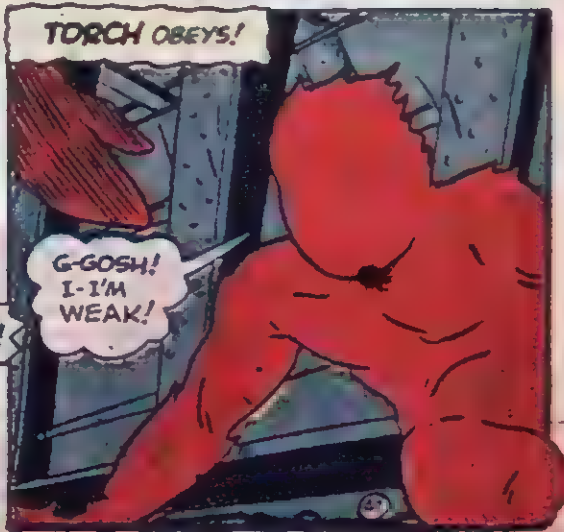
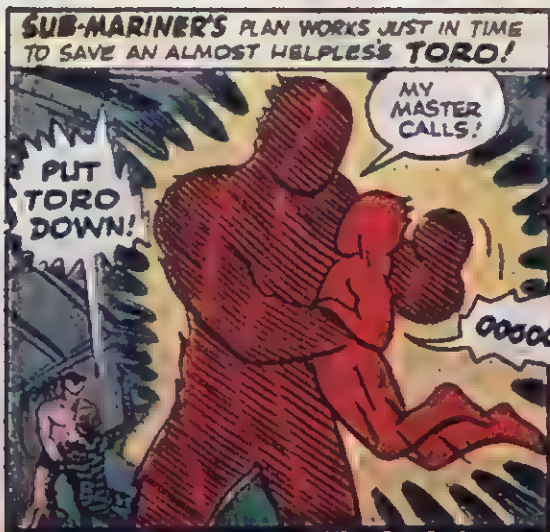


WHY YOU
CRAZY
BLAZE!

I'LL MAKE
SMOKE
OUT OF
YOU!

TORO'LL HAVE TO
HOLD HIM FOR A WHILE!
I'M GONNA GET THE
PYTHON!





VICIOUSLY, SUB-MARINER
STRANGLES THE LIFE OUT OF
THE PYTHON! ...

I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU
BEFORE YOU DO ANY

MORE HARM
IN THIS WORLD,
YOU DOUBLE-
CROSSER!

AHHHH!

NOW FOR
THE TOUGH JOB--
THE HUMAN
TORCH!

YOU KILLED
MY MASTER!
SO YOU'LL
DIE!

THAT'S
THE END
OF THE
PYTHON!

TORCH SEIZES SUB-MARINER!

I'LL BURN YOU
TO A CINDER,
YOU MEDDLING
FOOL!

YOU'LL BE
DEAD BEFORE
THAT! AND TO
THINK WE WERE
ONCE FRIENDS!

LOOK, TORO!
TORCH'S FLAME
MUST HAVE BURNED
A HOLE IN THE
SUBWAY
ROOF!

ONLY A WEAKENED SUBWAY
ROOF HOLDS BACK TORRENTS
OF DEATH-DEALING WATER!

THE WATER'S
COMING IN! WE
MUST BE UNDER
THE EAST
RIVER!

ANXIOUSLY WATCHING BELOW,
TORO AND DR. HORTON SPOT
A NEW MENACE! ...

TORO-- TRY TO GET
TORCH AWAY FROM THE
TUNNEL ROOF BEFORE
HE MELTS IT
TOO MUCH!

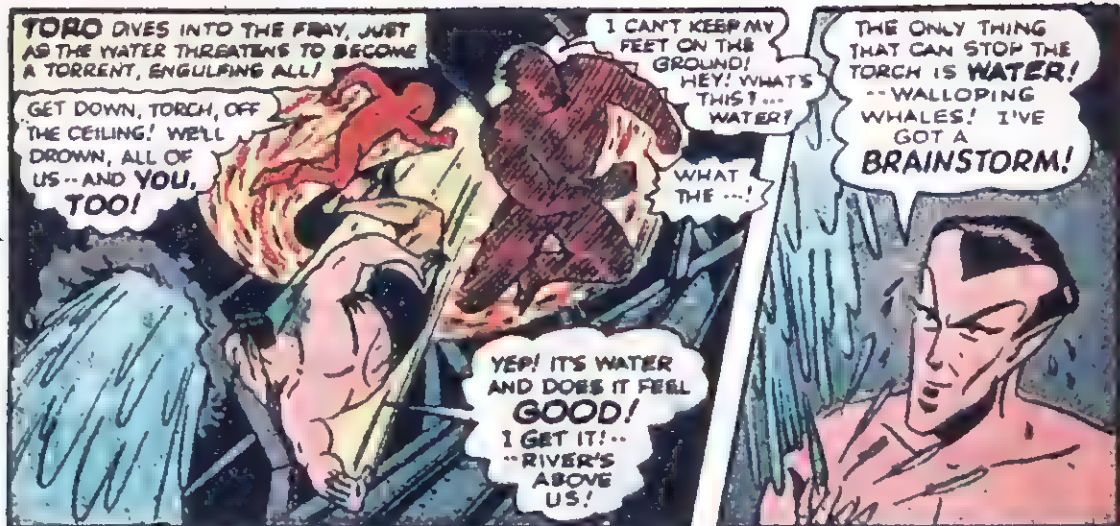
OKAY,
DOC! I'LL
TRY--IF IT'LL
DO ANY
GOOD!

RELENTLESSLY THE TERRIFIC
FIGHT GOES ON!

I CAN'T LET THIS
HEAT WAVE GET ME
DOWN! WOW!
I'M ROASTING!

WATER
BOY!
HERE I
COME!

ONE HAND ON
YOU, SQUIRT, AND
YOU'LL BIZZLE!
BOY! AM I
HOT!



TORO DIVES INTO THE FRAY, JUST AS THE WATER THREATENS TO BECOME A TORRENT, ENGULFING ALL!

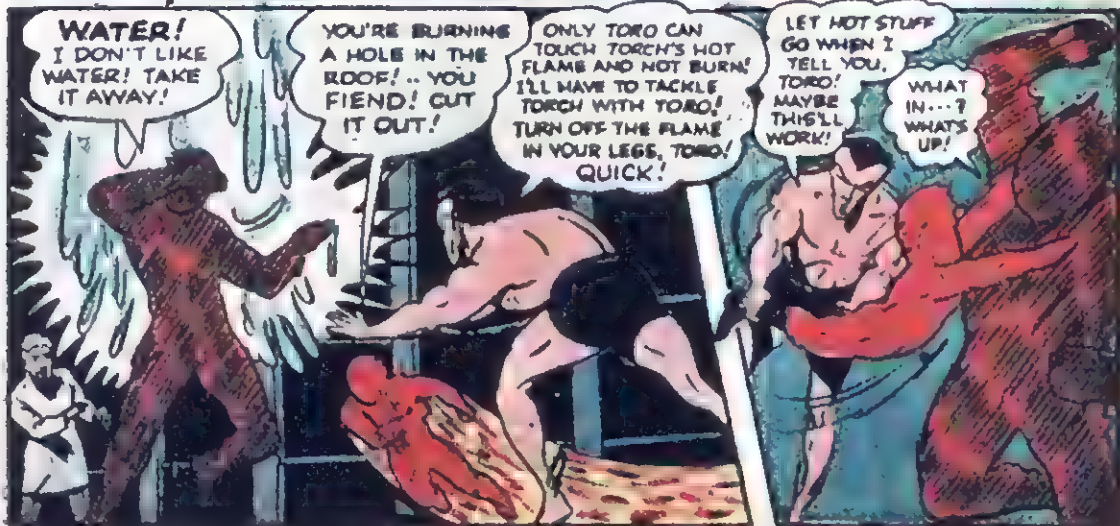
GET DOWN, TORCH, OFF THE CEILING! WE'LL DROWN, ALL OF US--AND YOU, TOO!

I CAN'T KEEP MY FEET ON THE GROUND! HEY! WHAT'S THIS? ... WATER?

WHAT THE ...!

THE ONLY THING THAT CAN STOP THE TORCH IS **WATER!** --WALLOPING WHALES! I'VE GOT A **BRAINSTORM!**

YEP! IT'S WATER AND DOES IT FEEL **GOOD!** I GET IT! ... "RIVER'S ABOVE US!"



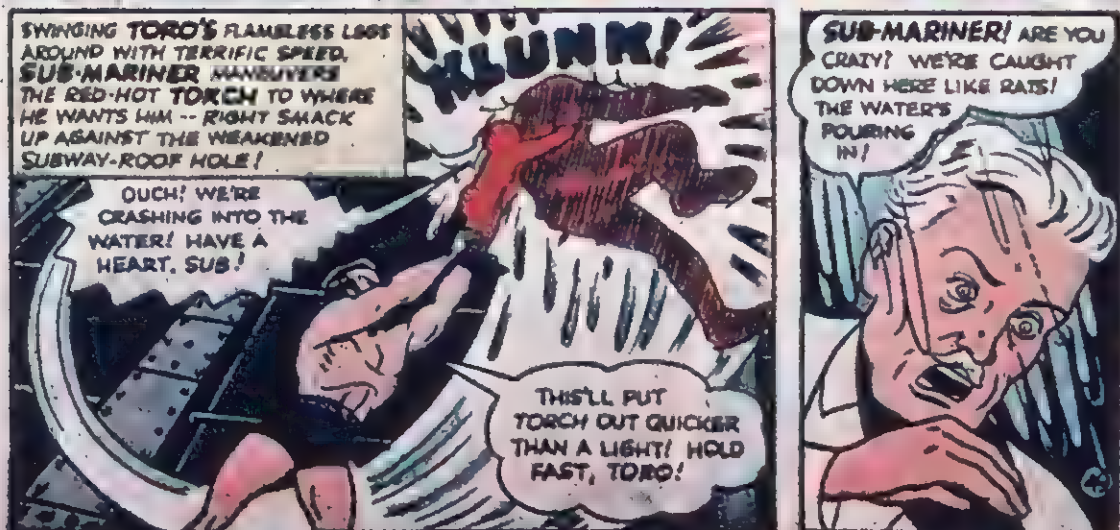
WATER! I DON'T LIKE WATER! TAKE IT AWAY!

YOU'RE BURNING A HOLE IN THE ROOF! ... YOU FIEND! CUT IT OUT!

ONLY TORO CAN TOUCH TORCH'S HOT FLAME AND NOT BURN! I'LL HAVE TO TACKLE TORCH WITH TORO! TURN OFF THE FLAME IN YOUR LEGS, TORO! QUICK!

LET HOT STUFF GO WHEN I TELL YOU, TORO! MAYBE THIS'LL WORK!

WHAT IN...? WHAT'S UP!



SWINGING TORO'S FLAMELESS LEGS AROUND WITH TERRIFIC SPEED, SUB-MARINER MANEUVERES THE RED-HOT TORCH TO WHERE HE WANTS HIM -- RIGHT SMACK UP AGAINST THE WEAKENED SUBWAY-ROOF HOLE!

KLUNK!

OUCH! WE'RE CRASHING INTO THE WATER! HAVE A HEART, SUB!

THIS'LL PUT TORCH OUT QUICKER THAN A LIGHT! HOLD FAST, TORO!

SUB-MARINER! ARE YOU CRAZY? WE'RE CAUGHT DOWN HERE LIKE RATS! THE WATER'S POURING IN!

THE FIENDISH TORCH
IS THUS THROWN INTO
THE EAST RIVER!

THE WATER!
IT'S RISING!
AND THERE'S
NO EXIT!

SO FAR,
SO GOOD!
OKAY, TORO!
YOU DID YOUR
STUFF! COME
TO PAPA!

SUB-MARINER PULLS TORO BACK!

GLUB!
THE TORCH
WILL D-DROWN!
WHAT A
SHOWER-BATH!

NOT YET, TORO!
I'LL GIVE HIM
JUST LONG
ENOUGH TO
COOL OFF
A BIT--
THEN--

FIGHTING AGAINST
THE ONRUSHING
WATER'S TREMENDOUS
PRESSURE,
SUB-MARINER
LEAPS UPWARD!

I'M GOING
AFTER HIM!

TORO FLAMES UP TOWARD
THE GROWING HOLE...

DON'T
LEAVE ME
TO DROWN
ALONE,
TORO!

NOT ME,
PAL! I'LL
SEE IF I
CAN PLUG
THAT
LEAK!

WOW!
WHAT A GUY
THIS SUB-MARINER
IS! I KNEW HE'D
GO AND HELP
MY PAL,
TORCH!

...AND WELDS THE ROOF OF
THE UNDER-RIVER TUNNEL!

I THOUGHT
PLUMBING
WASN'T IN
MY LINE!

MEANWHILE,
ABOVE...

THERE HE IS--
COOL ENOUGH FOR
ME TO HANDLE NOW!
I'LL TAKE HIM UP
NOW-- WOW!--
HE LOOKS
PRETTY
BAD!

HE'S TURNING PURPLE
ALREADY! ...ONLY A MIRACLE
CAN SAVE THE HUMAN
TORCH NOW! FOR ONCE
I HARDLY KNOW WHAT
TO DO! POOR
TORCH!

SOON AFTER, **TORO** AND **DR. HORTON**, WHO MANAGED TO GET OUT OF THE FLOODED SUBWAY, FIND **TORCH** AND **SUB-MARINER** ON A DOCK! ...

IS HE ... DEAD?
PLEASE DO SOMETHING
TO SAVE MY PAL! QUICK!
SPEAK TO ME,
TORCH!

THERE'S ONE CHANCE
IN A MILLION
THAT HE'LL
LIVE!

SUFFERIN' GEA
BASS! I WOULDN'T
TRUST HIM TEN
FEET AWAY-- BUT
WE'VE GOT TO
SAVE
HIM!

WE'VE GOT TO GET
HIM BACK TO MY
LABORATORY IMMEDIATELY!
... EVERY SECOND COUNTS!



A FEW MINUTES LATER....

HEY, SARGE!
LOOK!
SUB-MARINER
AND **TORO**!
THE F.B.I.
IS AFTER
THOSE
GUYS!

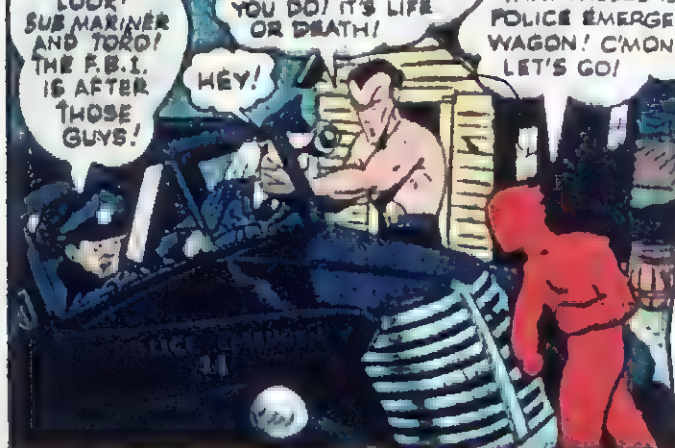
SORRY! WE
NEED THIS
TRUCK MORE THAN
YOU DO! IT'S LIFE
OR DEATH!

JUST OUR LUCK!
THE FIRST CAR
THAT PASSES IS A
POLICE EMERGENCY
WAGON! C'MON!
LET'S GO!

WHILE **TORO** TRIES TO TALK TO
THE POLICE, **SUB-MARINER**
PUTS **TORCH** IN THE WAGON!

GIVE US A
BREAK, FELLERS!

OKAY
DOC! HERE
HE
GOES!



THE TRUCK SPEEDS AWAY WITH
THE UNCONSCIOUS **TORCH**...

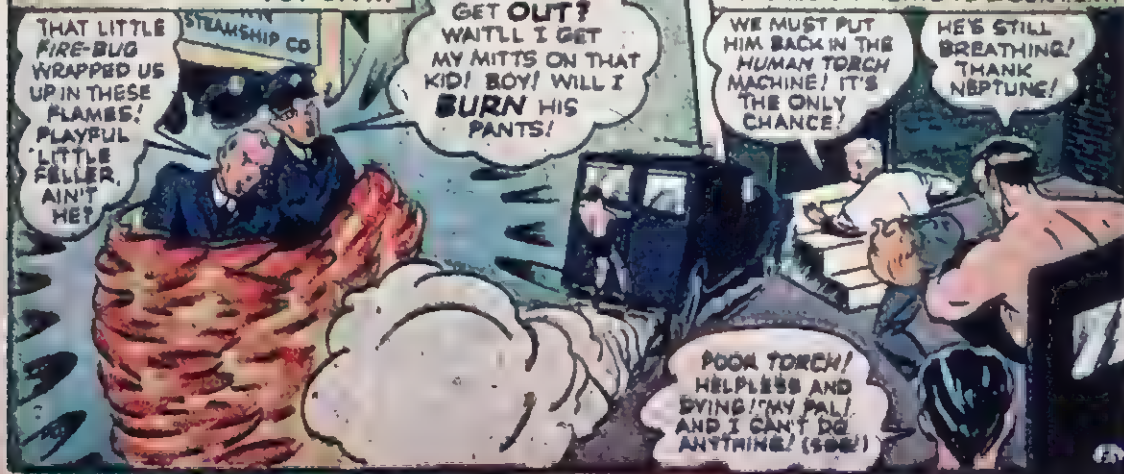
THAT LITTLE
FIRE-BUG
WRAPPED US
UP IN THESE
FLAMES!
PLAYFUL
LITTLE
FELLER,
AIN'T
HE?

HOW'LL WE
GET OUT?
WAITLL I GET
MY MITTS ON THAT
KID! BOY! WILL I
BURN HIS
PANTS!

... AND, HALF A MOMENT LATER,
REACHES **DR. HORTON'S** LABORATORY.

WE MUST PUT
HIM BACK IN THE
HUMAN **TORCH**
MACHINE! IT'S
THE ONLY
CHANCE!

HE'S STILL
BREATHING!
THANK
NEPTUNE!



POOR **TORCH**!
HELPLESS AND
DYING! MY PAL!
AND I CAN'T DO
ANYTHING! (SOS!)

THE TORCH IS GENTLY PLACED IN THE MACHINE...

THE DOOR IS CLOSED TIGHT, DR. HORTON! READY TO TURN ON THE JUICE!

I'LL PUSH THE BUTTON NOW AND SNAP ON THE FIRST SWITCH...

GEE! HE'S IN THERE (GULP!) ALL ALONE!

NOW, I TURN THE GAUGE UP, WITH A PRAYER FOR THE HUMAN TORCH! THIS WILL TELL THE STORY!...

AFTER SEVERAL MINUTES, THE TORCH SUDDENLY BOLTS UPRIGHT!

WHAT GOES ON HERE? WHY ARE PEOPLE STARING AT ME?

F.B.I. MEN, WHO HAVE BEEN WATCHING OUTSIDE THE LABORATORY, SUDDENLY ENTER!

WE CAUGHT THEM ALL, EXCEPT THE PYTHON! WHERE IS HE HIDING?

NO TRICKS, FIFTH COLUMNISTS! THIS PLACE IS SURROUNDED!

TORCH! GEE! I DIDN'T THINK (GULP) I'D SEE YOU ALIVE!

TORCH! GOOD BOY!

HI! TORCH! IT WORKED, DOC! TURN OFF THE JUICE!

FIFTH COLUMNISTS! ARE THESE F.B.I. MEN CRAZY? WHY SPEAK OF US WITH THE PYTHON? OH! I THINK I'VE GOT IT! GENTLEMEN, I CAN EXPLAIN THE WHOLE CONSPIRACY FROM WHICH WE TRIED TO SAVE TORCH!

DR. HORTON EXPLAINS ALL ---!

YOU SEE, IT WAS ONE OF HITLER'S CLEVEREST PLOTS! HE KNEW ONLY A MAN LIKE PYTHON WOULD BETRAY HIS COUNTRY, SO HE GOT HIM OUT OF ALCATRAZ -- BUT WHILE TORCH AND SUB-MARINER WERE AROUND, PYTHON COULDN'T DO A THING! SO HE DID WHAT THE DICTATORS DO -- HE TRIED TO DIVIDE THE FRIENDS, MAKE THEM BITTER ENEMIES! BY MEANS OF MY MACHINE, HE MADE A SOULLESS MONSTER OF THE TORCH, WHO WAS ALMOST KILLED DOING HIS BIDDING! THEN THE PYTHON WAS DESTROYED AND WE SAVED THE TORCH!

---AS THE G-MEN LOOK ON IN AMAZEMENT!

I GUESS IT WAS ALL MY FAULT, SUB-MARINER! YOU'RE STILL MY BEST PAL!

NO!...IT WAS THE PYTHON'S FAULT! FORGET IT, TORCH, AND LET'S SHAKE!

IT'S NICE TO SEE YOU GUYS FRIENDS AGAIN! THAT'S WHAT MAKES IT BAD FOR OUR COUNTRY'S ENEMIES! LET'S ALL PULL TOGETHER FOR THE GOOD OF U.S.A.!

I'M STILL A-TINGLING ABOUT THIS LATEST SMASHING ADVENTURE!...I'M GLAD IT ENDED WITH TORCH AND SUB-MARINER SHAKING HANDS! FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT I'D LOSE BOTH MY PALS! BUT NOW THEY'LL BE BACK AGAIN, SURE ENOUGH, SOON!

A SPECIAL MESSAGE TO THE BOYS ^{and} GIRLS OF AMERICA FROM HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR.

-SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY-

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY
WASHINGTON



Boys and Girls of America:
Here's a way for every one of you
to help your country.

Every time you buy a Savings Stamp
you are helping Uncle Sam to pay for a part
of a gun, plane or ship which your fathers,
brothers or uncles are using for the defense
of our country.

If every one of you forty million
boys and girls would buy at least one ten-cent
Savings Stamp every week, you would be lending
your Uncle Sam two hundred million dollars
every year. Think of all the guns, planes and
ships he could buy with that!

Remember, you can help to "Keep 'em
Flying" by buying a Defense Stamp every week.

-Sincerely,

FOR VICTORY



BUY

UNITED
STATES
SAVINGS
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

THIS
SPACE IS
DONATED BY THE
PUBLISHERS OF THIS
MAGAZINE IN THE INTEREST OF
NATIONAL DEFENSE ^{and} VICTORY!

FLIGHT OVER TOKYO

By
MICKEY SPILLANE

FOR the first time in his life, Warren Gates didn't know what to think. The last three months he had been in Australia, the orders of the day brought no more excitement than a letter from home. All he ever did was fly routine patrols over the broad expanse of blue water surrounding the continent "down under", until it got to the point where a navigator on the speedy attack bomber was excess baggage. He could have found his way back from any point a thousand miles away on the local map, he was so used to the place.

Now he stood anxiously outside the squadron bulletin board, waiting for the orders to be posted. For days, rumors of some great impending event had circulated about the airdrome, and men had been confined to the limits of the field. Whatever was in the wind was important, and every man worried lest he be left out of the proceedings. Warren nudged a pilot companion. "Wonder what's up?"

"You got me, pal! All I hope is that my name's there when we read off the score."

"Me, too," Warren answered. "I haven't seen a Jappo since I've been here, and I'm dying for a crack at the punks! Hardly had he spoken when Major Briggs stepped out of the office and tacked a notice on the board. "All flying officers and crew report to assembly this afternoon, 3 P.M." In an instant the bulletin was surrounded by men who stood in hushed silence. This looked like the memorable day!

The appointed time came quickly enough. Men grouped about the long table, gazing

avidly at the maps spread out before them. Major Briggs had the floor. "Men, tomorrow you have an important mission to perform. You are raiding Tokio!" The sudden news took them flat-footed. For a moment it looked like a cheer would burst out, but the seriousness of the situation quieted the men. "You will follow this course, and the plan that I will outline to you now." His voice dwindled, and every eye followed his finger as it went across the map.

Dawn broke clear and warm. On the smooth runway of the field, motors thundered a song of power. Warren climbed into his attack bomber and waited for the signal to go ahead. A green light blinked into his eyes, and the throttle went forward. The raid of Tokio had begun! With the most precise flying the group took off and pulled into formation. High up in the blue they leveled off and made themselves comfortable for the ten hour trip.

Below them the sea was dotted with ships. Some, no doubt, were the enemy's, but there was no time to be wasted on them. Hour after hour went by, then the squadron leader's voice came on. "In twenty minutes we reach our objective. Dive to the rooftops then let 'em have it, boys!" And before they knew it... there was Tokio, capital city of the invader! In a roaring power dive, the planes swooped down. Faster and faster they went, then pulled out of the dive and went screaming toward the factories of the city, fair military objectives.

Eyes squinted behind the sights, and bomb toggles were pulled. Thunderous blasts from below spelled perfect timing... direct hits! As Warren swept over his targets, he noticed that the sky was free of enemy planes and anti-aircraft bursts. The surprise had been so complete that there was no resistance! Ahead of him was the last plant that was to taste a bomb. He went over it... felt the plane rise a little as it lost its load of explosives... then the sky was a writhing, glaring sheet of flame!

That place was a munitions plant! The plane skidded wildly, and pitched like a leaf in the wind. Warren tugged madly at the controls, but there was no response. In front of him the curtain of smoke parted, and he saw the rest of the squadron speeding toward the horizon, and they were alone in a crippled craft! He tried the controls again, and this time the ship responded but slightly. One look at the shattered wing surfaces told the story.

Greg Holmes, the navigator, poked him and pointed to a bay field a mile off. Warren nodded and banked that way. The plane was losing altitude fast! It hit the field, bounced, and tore through two haystacks and pulled up against the side of a barn. Warren looked around. "Everybody okay?" Two voices, a bit breathless, shouted back. "Then let's fire the plane before we have the Jappos on our necks!"

The men squeezed out. Greg drained some gas out of the tanks and scattered it over the plane. One match and the ship was a pyre of billowing flame and smoke. The Japs wouldn't copy



this design as they did others, that was a sure thing! Bill Halsey, the bombardier, turned around and let out a choked shout. "Look, Japs! They're coming for us. What'll we do?"

"Take it easy, Bill. Might be they think we're in the plane. Let's duck into one of these haystacks." The three boys dashed for the mound of yellow grass, and burrowed under it. Right on their heels the Japs, in a fleet of motor trucks, pulled up in front of the burning plane. One, evidently the leader, walked around it, then stopped. He looked into the dust at his feet and the boys' hearts leaped. He had discovered their tracks which, in their haste, they had failed to conceal!

At once the Japs spread out. They knew the men had had no chance to flee, and the only place they could hide was either in the barn or in the haystacks. A few of them went into the barn, then, a dozen men went to a haystack and stood around it. The commander gave the word and they fired round after round of ammunition into the base of the stack... and in a few minutes they would be at the one that shielded the Americans!

For some reason, Warren was smiling. "Burrow back to the middle as fast as you can!" he whispered. Greg and Bill obeyed without a word. It was a hard task, but they made it. Then from outside came the voices of the Japs. This was it. Warren knew that if he was wrong it would be too bad. One thing was in their favor. Their footprints had been wiped out by the Japs except for the ones by the plane. Warren hoped they wouldn't fire the hay.

They heard the commands of the leader, followed by the roar of the guns. Breathlessly, they waited for the slugs to tear into them, but none came. Once the stack shifted as part of its base was disturbed by the power of the shots, but that was all. How long they waited, they never

knew. When finally they crawled outside, darkness had settled over the city. Except for the glare of the red of still-burning buildings, Tokio was in total darkness. They wanted no more of the American-made bombs! The boys had to grin a little at this.

"Where to now?" Greg asked. Warren Gates smiled. "Since flying is all we know, the thing to do is head for a flying field and swipe a plane... and if I'm not mistaken, there's one not far off. I spotted it coming over!" And there was. Keeping to the shadows of the buildings, the trio crept steadily to the south side of the city. Occasional outposts and scouting parties presented a problem, but they flattened and melted into the landscape. So far, so good!

"There she is!" The boys peered into the darkness, and there, directly ahead of them was the field. Little lights blinked in the operations office, and toward them they made their way. Suddenly, motors roared on the tarmac. Planes were being warmed up. "Looks like they're playing right into our hands," Bill said. "Let's go!" Silently, they crawled under the wire on the edge of the field. About fifty yards away a large bomber, warming up, spat flame into the night.

Warren pointed. "Now walk as if you owned the place. We're not liable to be suspected that way." They stood up and walked to the ship. Men passed, but in the darkness none challenged their presence. Walking around the tail, Warren motioned for the others to stay back. A wiry little Jap guarded the ship. He crept up behind him... and the man turned! But before the Jap could utter a word, a fist caught him square on the chin and he crumpled to the ground!

Waving for the others to come on, Warren opened the door and in he went, the others in back of him. Warren poured the juice to her. Motors roared, and with a

sudden lurch the plane jumped the chocks and tore down the field! Instantly the field came to life. Lights winked on, and the plane was caught in the glare of them. Rifles barked, but the shooting was too hurried to be accurate.

The plane shot into the air... they were off! But the flight was not over. On the field below pilots leaped to the cockpits and gave their ships the gun, but suddenly out of the darkness ahead of them, Warren reversed, and with machine guns spitting a lethal dose of lead, came in on the Japs. Planes of the Rising Sun faltered and crashed. One rose, only to nose dive into the sod when a burst caught the pilot in the chest!

The Americans wasted no time getting out of there. The trip back was one to make history. All the maps were in Japanese, but Greg puzzled them out. It was late morning when they arrived over the field and started to circle... then the sky was full of gunbursts. They were firing at them! But when their buddies saw that they were trying to land, the firing stopped. The plane came down... only to be surrounded by angry soldiers. However... it took only a moment to clear things up!

When the shouting finally died down, Greg and Bill came over to Warren. "Tell us," they said, "how did you know we wouldn't get hit back in that haystack?"

"Well," Greg grinned, "I used to be a ballistics expert back in the states, and I knew that a lot of little things like some rag waste, or closely packed paper could stop a shot easily enough, and firing into all that hay was like shooting at a brick wall!"

"How come they didn't set fire to the hay?"

"Ha! Every inch of the bloom-in' island is cultivated, and they don't dare waste a thing. Those soldiers would've been shot if they did!"

THE END

TUBBY AND TACK

BY RAY HOLLIMAN

DO THEY
ALLOW FISHING
HERE, POP?!

NO - BUT THE OWNER
IS NEVER AROUND - HE
WON'T SEE US. I
COME HERE OFTEN!

I'LL SHOW YOU MY
FAVORITE SPOT! BOY! IT'S
A HONEY--- THERE IT
IS--- SAY-- THERE'S
SOMEONE HERE!!

SOMEBODY
DISCOVERED
YOUR SECRET
SPOT, POP!



I GOTTA GET HIM OUT
OF MY SPOT! BOY! HAVE
I GOT AN IDEA! WE'LL
LEAVE OUR STUFF HERE--
WATCH THIS---

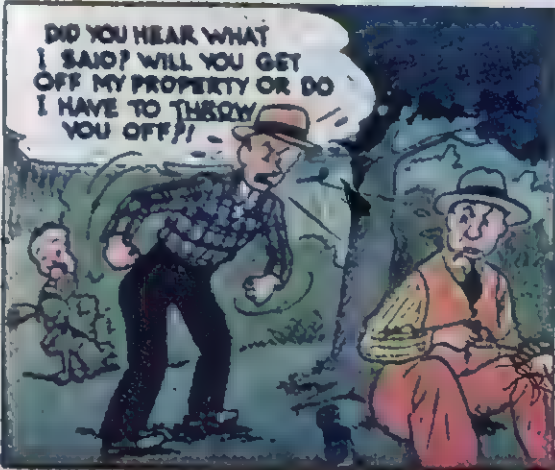
SAY, BUD! YOU'LL
HAVE TO GET OUT OF
HERE! I'M THE OWNER OF
THIS PROPERTY AND I DON'T
ALLOW TRESPASSING!

SH-H!
I'VE GOT
A BITE!



DID YOU HEAR WHAT
I SAID? WILL YOU GET
OFF MY PROPERTY OR DO
I HAVE TO THROW
YOU OFF?!

OKAY-OKAY! DON'T RUB
IT IN! HOW WAS I
SUPPOSED TO KNOW HE
WAS THE OWNER!!

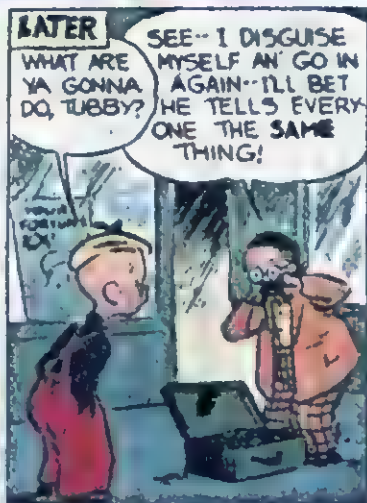
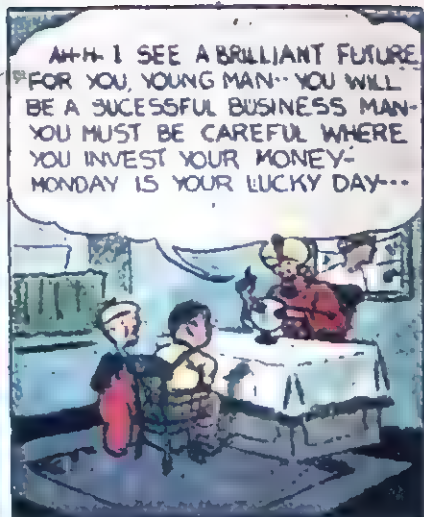


TUBBY

AN

TACK

by
MONTY

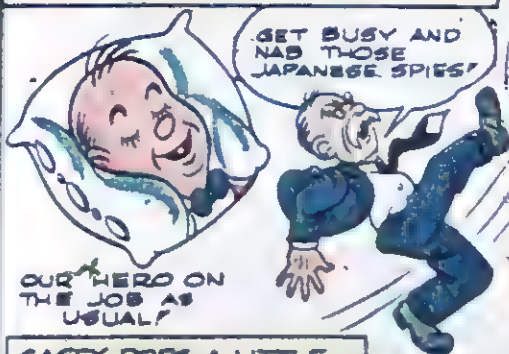


Casey

M. KANN

by Casey

NABbing JAPANESE SPIES

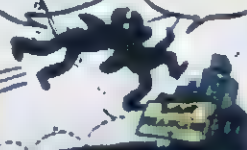


CASEY DOES A LITTLE UNDERGROUND 'WORK' IN THE EAST SIDE SUBWAY



FOLLOW THE GREEN LINE TO THE SUBWAY!

CASEY HE SKIPPED THE COUNTRY. I MUST BE ON THE RIGHT TRACK!



SOKKI WHAKKI TOKKI (MEANING HE'S BEEN READING OVER MY SHOULDER) GET HIM MEN!



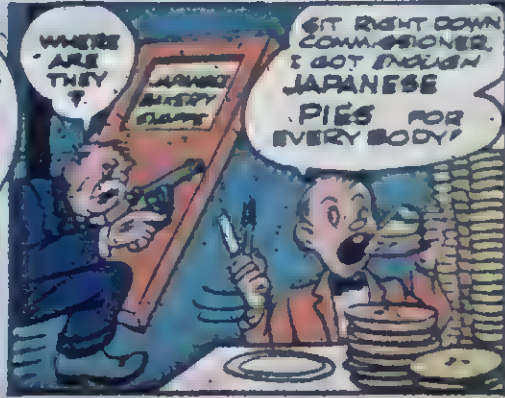
CASEY MUST HAVE DONE A HEROIC JOB! HE SAID HE NEEDS NO HELP T'BRING THEM IN... BUT, I'M TAKIN' NO CHANCES WITH THOSE CLEVER JAPANESE SPIES!

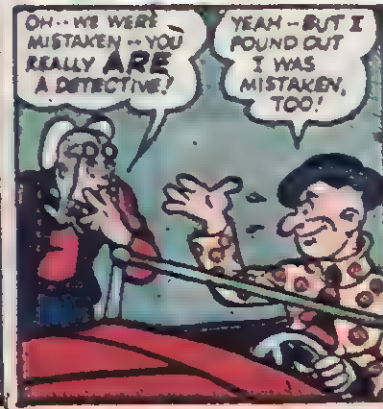
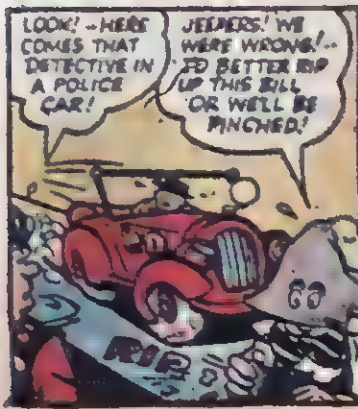
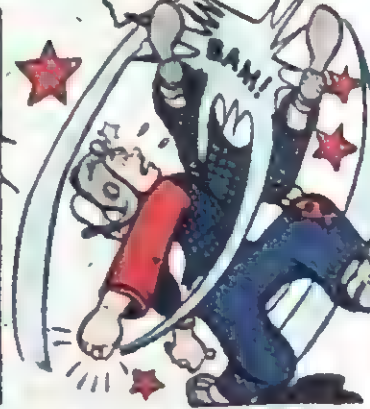
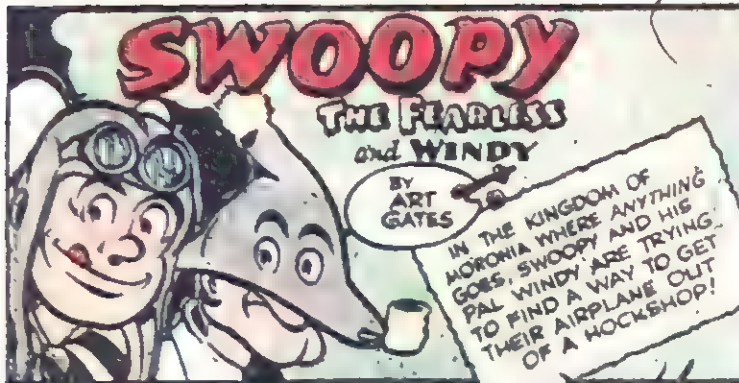


DO YOU KNOW?



CASEY FOLLOWED THE JAP TO THE FRONT OF A JAPANESE BAKERY SHOP (PROBABLY A FALSE FRONT) WHERE HE IS ATTACKED BY THE WHOLE GANG!





SWOOPY

THE FEARLESS

and WINDY

BY
ART
GATES

WITH THEIR PLANE IN A HOCK-
SHOP, SWOOPY AND WINDY
ARE TRYING HARD TO FIND
THE HUNDRED BUCKS THEY
NEED TO BAIL IT OUT ---
THEY'LL DO ANYTHING
BUT WORK!

WINDY, THAT GUY
MUST BE THE
COUNTERFEITER
THE DETECTIVE
WAS LOOKING
FOR!

AFTER HIM!
--THERE'S
A BIG
REWARD!

THERE HE GOES,
AROUND THE CORNER!

IF WE HAD A HOUND, HE
COULD PICK UP HIS
SCENTS!

THAT'S OKAY WITH ME! I'LL PICK UP
THE DOLLARS!

AH! THE TRAIL ENDS!

BE QUIET NOW!
--HE MUST'N'T
KNOW WE'RE
HERE!

THE NEXT SECOND...

BAM!

NOW, WHAT
DID YOU
BAPS
WANT?

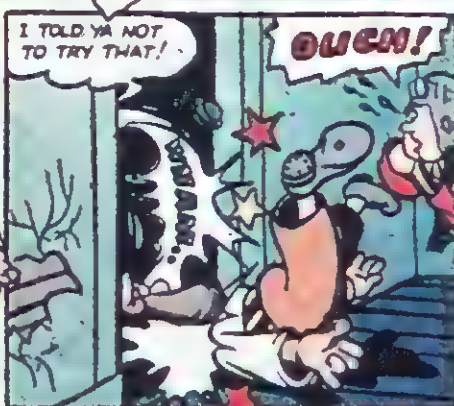
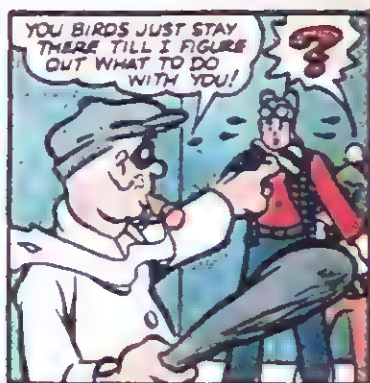
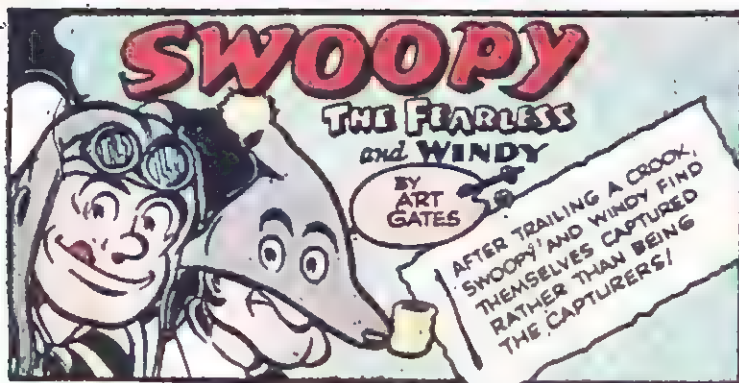
TO
ARREST
YOU!...

...FER MAKING
COUNTERFEIT
DOUGH! YUH
CAN'T COMPETE
WITH THE
GOVERNMENT!

BUT WE'RE
NOT COMPETING
WITH THE
GOVERNMENT!

WE JUST MAKE
THREE DOLLAR
BILLS!...THEY
DON'T MAKE 'EM!

OOF!



SWOOPY

THE FEARLESS

AND WINDY

BY
ART
GATES

CAPTURED BY THE
COUNTERFEITERS, SNOOPY
AND WINDY ARE LED
TO A FIELD WHERE
A REAL SURPRISE
AWAITS THEM!

HEY!—THAT'S
MY PLANE—
YOU GOT IT
OUT OF HOCK!

RIGHT!—WE
FOUND THE
TICKET IN
YOUR
POCKET!

NOW GET IN AND
FLY—WE'RE LEAVING
THE COUNTRY! THE
POLICE ARE
AFTER US!

BUT THE
PLANE
WON'T
HOLD
FOUR
OF US!

GET IN
OR—

HA! NO
POLICE
CAN
CATCH
US NOW!

HEY!...
OVER
THAT
WAY!

THERE'S NO
ROOM! I
CAN'T
STEER!

HEY! YOU DOPE!
LOOK OUT FOR
THAT WIRE!

SUDDENLY...

WHAT
TH!

HOLD
TIGHT,
WINDY!

A CLOTHES LINE!
BOY! WHAT
LUCK!

WITH LUCK
LIKE THAT WE'LL
NEVER LAND IN
JAIL!

OH,
YEAH?
?

YOU END
LAND IN
JAIL!

AND WE GET
THE REWARD!

PECULIAR PEOPLE

**PRIVATE PEEPS
AT PREPOSTEROUS
PUNKS WHO PROWL
THIS PLANET**



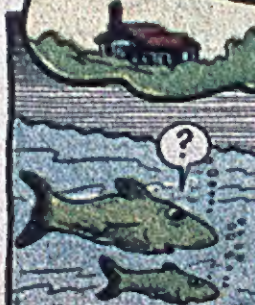
I HATE
WINDY DAYS!

**FOR FREDDIE FLUMP
WE SHOULD GIVE THREE CHEERS!
THE WRIGHT BROTHERS GOT
THEIR IDEA FROM HIS EARS!**



**NO MUDDY FEET
FOR MUSHMOUTH MYERS!
HE ALWAYS WALKS
ON TELEPHONE WIRES!**

I'VE ALWAYS
WANTED TO TRAVEL
FROM POLE TO POLE!



**FOR SOME STRANGE REASON, PERCY PISH
ALWAYS SEEMS TO STARTLE THE FISH!**



WHY DO THEY ALWAYS
STARE—AND THEN SCRAM?

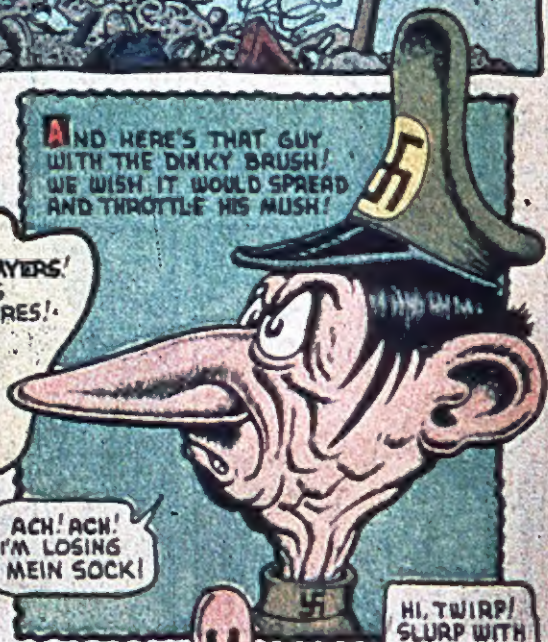


**A BRILLIANT SUCCESS
IS ELMER EEP;
HE'S PUSHED HIMSELF
TO THE TOP
OF THE HEAP!**

THE TOP AT
LAST—AFTER
YEARS OF
STRUGGLE!

CITY DUMP

**AND HERE'S THAT GUY
WITH THE DINKY BRUSH!
WE WISH IT WOULD SPREAD
AND THROTTLE HIS MUSH!**



ACH! ACH!
I'M LOSING
MEIN SOCK!

HI, TWIRP!
SLURP WITH
GLURP
TOOTHPASTE!



**TOOTHPASTE ADS
SHOW SIDNEY SAPPERZ,
BECAUSE HE HAS
SUCH DAPPER SNAPPERS!**



Tops!

**THRILLS!
MYSTERY!
ACTION!
COMEDY!
PATRIOTISM!**

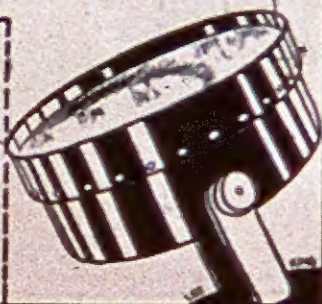


**CAPTAIN AMERICA
EVERY MONTH**

**HEY,
KIDS!**

YOU'LL WANT TO BECOME A MEMBER OF CAP'S SENTINELS
OF LIBERTY AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! TO GET YOUR OFFICIAL
BADGE AND MEMBERSHIP CARD, MAIL THIS COUPON AND 10c TODAY
TO: CAPTAIN AMERICA, ROOM 1010, 330 WEST 42nd ST., NEW YORK CITY

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY AND STATE _____



AW, SARGE, DON'T LET A LITTLE THING
LIKE THIS BOMB WORRY YOU!
WAIT'LL YOU SEE ALL THE
REAL TROUBLE WE GET
INTO IN THE BIG NEW ISSUE OF

**TERRY
TOONS**
COMICS!

YEOW



YOU'VE READ AND ENJOYED
KRAZY KOMICS!
NOW DON'T FAIL TO RUSH TO YOUR
NEWSSTAND JULY 1ST FOR....

**TERRY-
TOONS**

COMICS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.